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The strange story
of Diane Varsi



Sheilah Graham's
Hollywood Lowdown!



BY PAT BOONE:

Levelling with my
kid brother



DORIS DAY

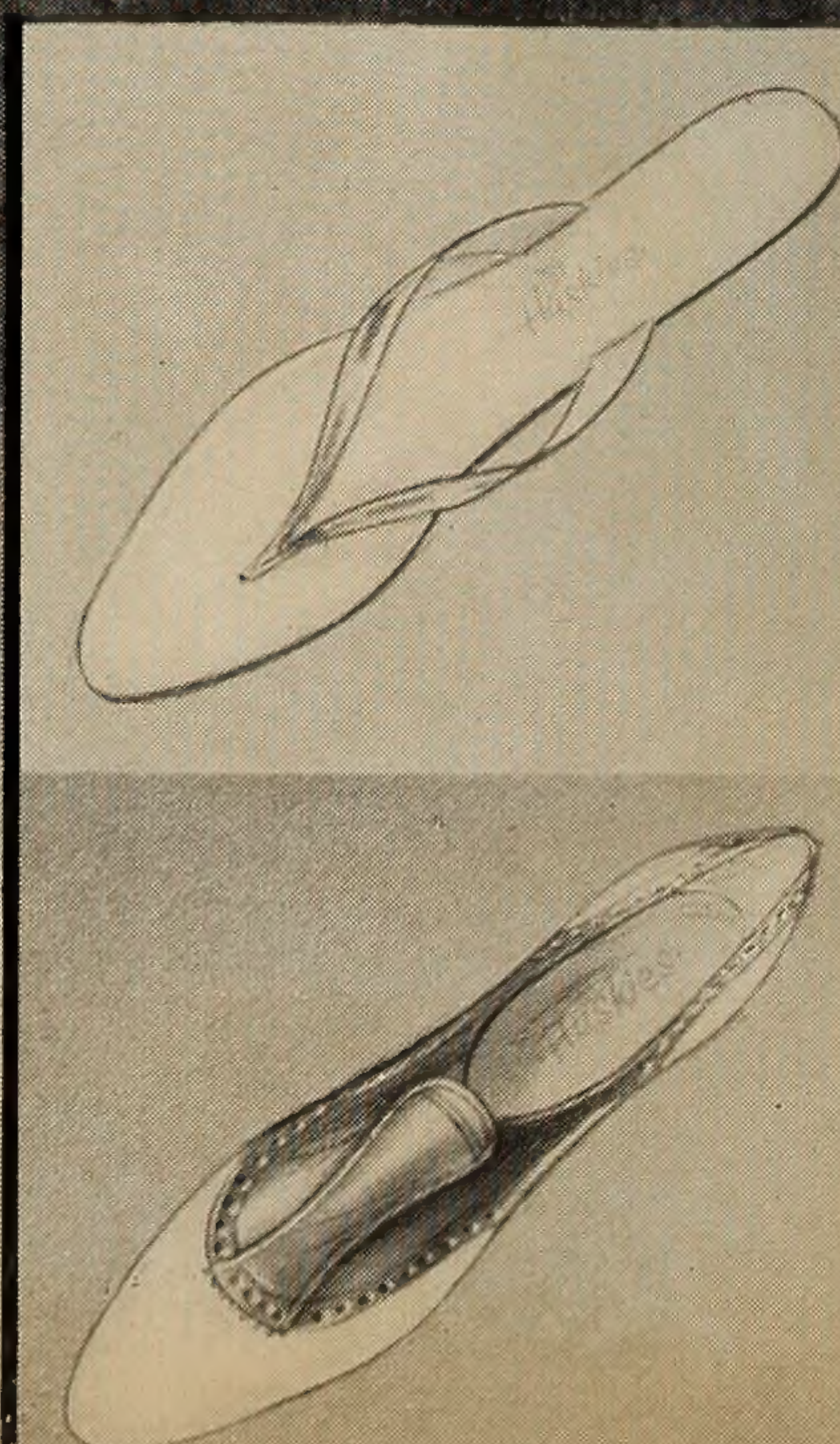
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anything
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but...



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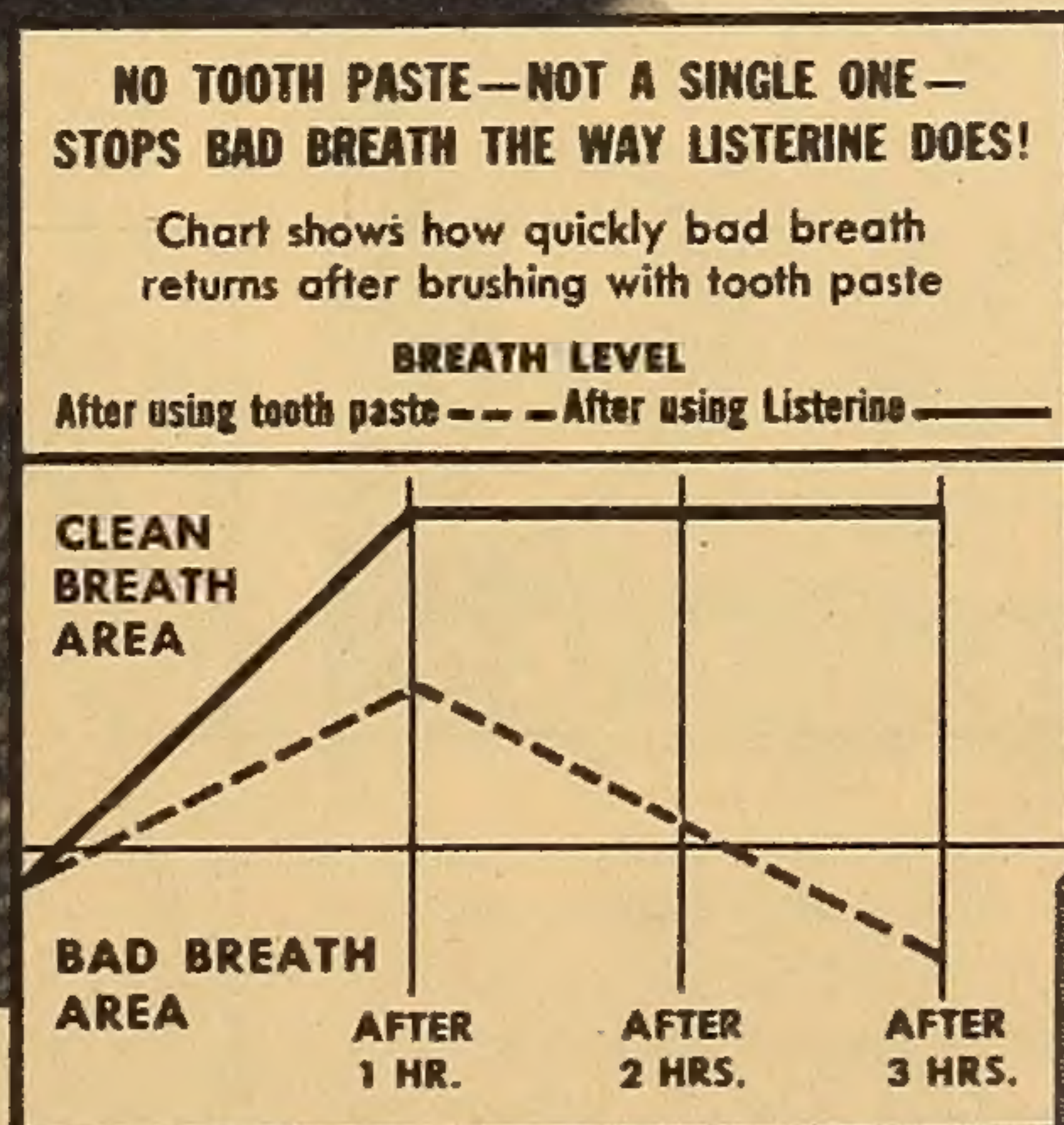
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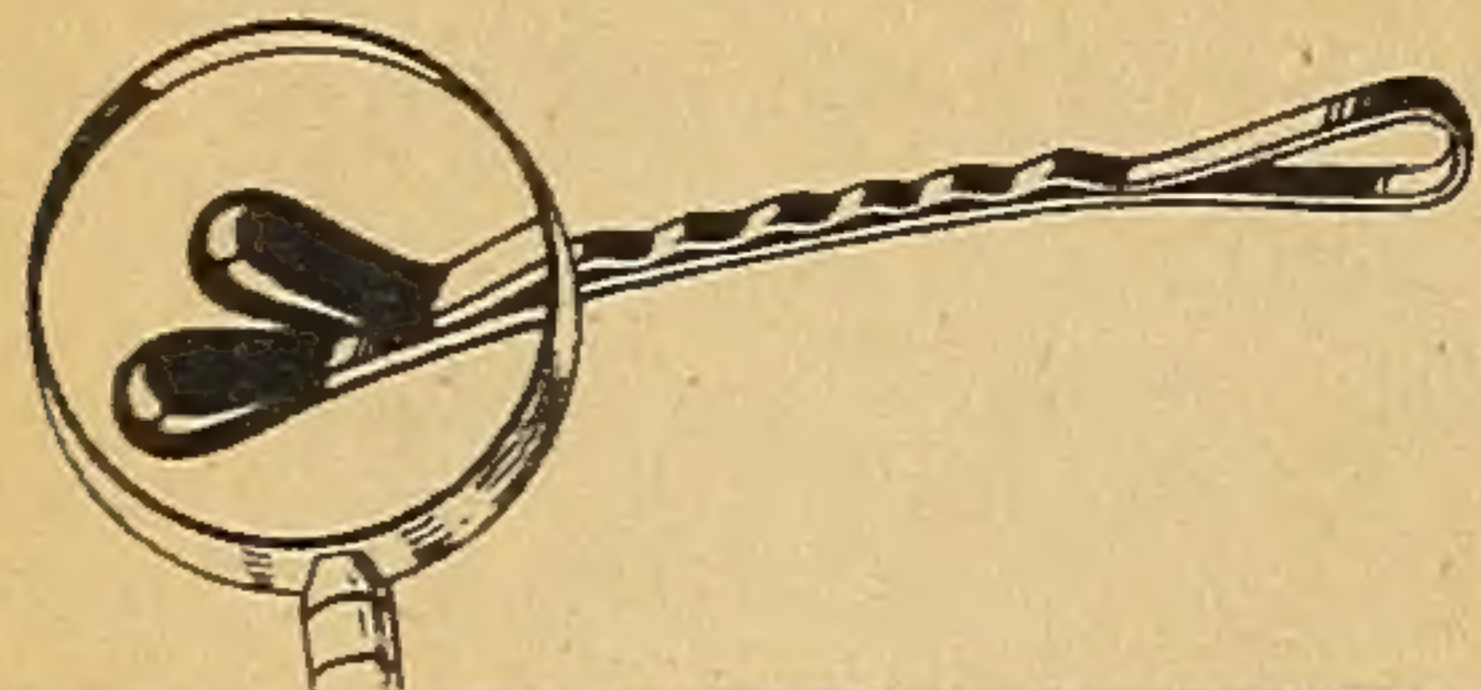
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Volume 60, No. 6

May, 1958

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as he goes to town in
cap and gown on
"The Pipes Of Pan"!



MIRTHFUL... on
the high wire or swing-
ing to "Everything Is
Ticky Boo"!



MAGICAL... as
he juggles and jiggles
through "The Square
Of The Hypotenuse"!



MADCAP... as he al-
lez-oops with a chimp
or whoops it up with
"Chin Up, Stout Fella"!



MATCHLESS... as
he gets on the ball with
"You Can't Always
Have What You Want"!



MASTERFUL...
as he makes the rafters
ring with his role as
"Merry Andrew"!



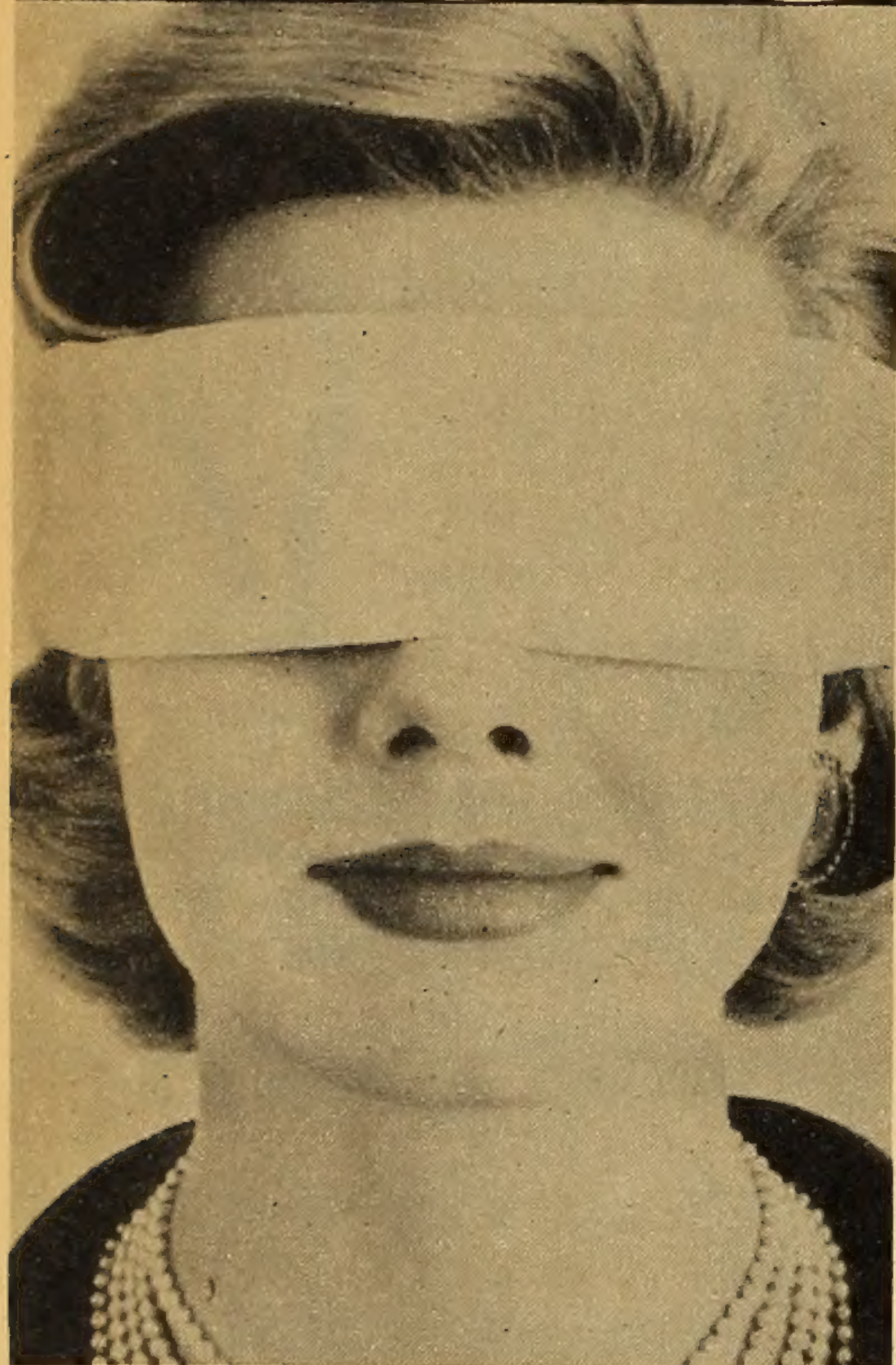
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Romancing! Clowning!
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to everything that
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co-starring
PIER ANGELI
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with PATRICIA CUTTS

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Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER • Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Associate Producer SAUL CHAPLIN • Directed by MICHAEL KIDD

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Marilyn Monroe still shunning Hollywood
- Anna Magnani replies to a critic



THIS is your Hollywood reporter, S.G., with the latest doings from Hollywood. And from around the world locations with the movie stars. . . . John Saxon, the teenagers' delight, twoed all over Paris with his 15-year-old leading lady, Sandra Dee, while the pair teamed in "The Reluctant Debutante." . . . I asked Dan Dailey, "What is the hardest year of marriage?" "The present one," he quipped. I wasn't sure if he was kidding. . . . The wettest sight of the year—Rock Hudson weeping, as he watched himself on the screen weeping at Jennifer Jones' death bed in "Farewell To Arms." . . . Did you know that Clint Walker—Cheyenne—is an ex-life guard? But I've never seen him in a swim suit. . . . The joke of the year—prankster director John Huston suing the Beverly Hills Hotel for 89 cents, for the damage to his hot water bottle. . . . What's with Terry Moore's marriage again, with Panama industrialist Eugene McGrath?

The dream of Jayne Mansfield's pink life—to have six pink little boys, the image of muscle husband Mickey Har-

gitay. . . . Ann Sothern's TV price—\$25,000 for one show.

Anna Magnani was accosted by a starchy woman at a stuffy soiree, who told her, "I never think of you as a mother." "And I never think of you as a lady," reparteed the Magnani. . . . Ingrid Bergman is trying to rent her former home in Beverly Hills, for when she films "To Thank A Fool" in Hollywood, late this fall. It was sold when she made her settlement with Doctor Peter Lindstrom. According to report, Ingrid turned over her "Indiscreet" salary to Rossellini as the price for their separation. I'm getting tired of watching this woman pay and pay.

When Marlon Brando tried to rent the old John Barrymore home on Tower Road, he called the present owners four times to ask, "Are you sure there is no one there?" The deal went sour when occupier Gregg Juarez finally told him, "My wife and I are here and we don't intend to leave." Anna Kashfi's friends are hoping that her expected baby will patch up her marriage. You never know,

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DREAM of Jayne Mansfield's life is to have six sons exactly like Mickey Hargitay.



EXCITEMENT of premiere is reflected in the faces of Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean.

FROM HERMAN WOUK'S GREAT BEST-SELLER...

THE NOVEL THAT BELONGS TO THE
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Marjorie Morningstar

*Your most
intimate insight
into every girl's
years of
temptation...
and decision*

THE NIGHT MARJORIE
CONFESSES HER
TEMPTATIONS
TO HER MOTHER...

"Marjorie, take those feelings
and put them in the bank.
Save them for the man
who'll marry you."

THE NIGHT MARJORIE
FOLLOWS NOEL TO HIS
APARTMENT--AND
FINDS IMOGENE...

"I've been playing your rules--
not touching you, not
touching any other girl
either...till Imogene."

THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S
BEST FRIEND TELLS
HER SOME HARD TRUTHS
ABOUT MARRIAGE...

"I married Lou because life
only lasts so long. I don't have
a wonderful lover like Noel. If I
had, I'd follow him like a dog."

THE NIGHT
MARJORIE'S INNOCENCE
CRUMBLES IN
NOEL'S ARMS...

"Noel, I don't care!
Maybe, what I'm doing is
wrong. I don't know--
I'm in love!"

STARRING
GENE NATALIE
KELLY★WOOD

CLAIRE TREVOR
ED WYNN
EVERETT SLOANE
MARTY MILNER
CAROLYN JONES

WITH
GEORGE TOBIAS • JESSE WHITE
MARTIN BALSAM • EDWARD BYRNES
IN WARNERCOLOR

SCREENPLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
BASED UPON A NOVEL BY HERMAN WOUK
PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING
DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER



*Their song
is "A Very
Precious
Love"...
yours will
be too!*

Get more out of life... Go out to a movie!

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Cowboy

WHEN hotel clerk Jack Lemmon falls in love with Mexican beauty Anna Kashfi, nothing, but nothing, would do except for him to defy her father's wishes and follow her back to Mexico. The only way he can accomplish this pronto is to join cattle driver Glenn Ford's outfit. Since Ford won't hire a green hand, Lemmon leaps at the opportunity to help Ford out of a temporary financial crisis, and becomes an unwanted partner. In the thousands of miles from Chicago to Mexico and back, each hundred or so miles brings a change in Lemmon. He slowly and painfully adapts himself to the uncomplicated code of self-survival—none of the fancy trimmin's like clean fighting, being your brother's keeper, or doing unto others. . . . This is one of the few pictures that shows the real life and man that makes up a cowboy. It's a good, clean life, however, calculated to kill the most rugged in a few months. As the taciturn cattleman, Ford does another of his penetrating portrayals in this excellent, powerful Technicolor story of the days of the real Old West. (Columbia.)

The Quiet American

BASED on the Graham Greene novel, this is the somewhat altered version of an American, Audie Murphy, and a British correspondent, Michael Redgrave, caught up in the internal upheaval of Indo-China several years ago. Employed by a foreign aid organization, Murphy comes to the under-privileged country full of ideas and ideals. Nothing in America could prepare him for this. Very few of the people, like Redgrave's mistress, Giorgia Moll, an Indonesian, give any thought to the future. They have no concept of a word like "security." The very most they can hope for is contentment for the present. When Murphy learns the Englishman can't get a divorce to marry Giorgia, he takes her from Redgrave. Desperate, Redgrave allows himself to be drawn into a Communist scheme that should cancel Murphy's good intentions. An unusually good picture with some excellent performances: Police Inspector Claude Dauphin nosing out the different factions and Redgrave as the man who sentenced himself to a living hell because he couldn't stand having the only thing he loved



COLLEGE teacher Doris Day emphasizes a point in breezy comedy, "Teacher's Pet."

taken away from him. (United Artists.)

Teacher's Pet

COMEDIES like this starring Clark Gable and Doris Day are about as rare as a happy headline. Big City newspaper editor Gable has a thriving batch of healthy opinions about people who study journalism in schools. Since he had to fight every inch of the way, never even graduated from high school, you can well imagine what these ripe opinions are. On the other hand, take journalism instructor Doris. The daughter of a Pulitzer Prize winning editor, she holds that newspaper reporting is no longer just telling the facts, it's an editor's responsibility to make the readers think. Of course, these two strong-headed individuals have got to meet, while psychologist Gig Young, Doris' tepid suitor, hovers over them like a guardian angel. Nestled in laughs, every now and then some common sense talk comes through and even *that* looks good in this very enjoyable, sophisticated battle between the city room and the classroom. (Paramount.)

Desire Under The Elms

FROM the first glimpse of the fog-shrouded New England farm, the setting for this latest Tony Perkins starrer, you know this isn't going to be any May picnic. Instead, it's one of those despondent dramas—so masterfully done by playwright Eugene O'Neill—in which the characters are doomed by their own desires. Love for a home and land, drives the three people in this. Perkins, having sworn to his dead mother he'll never let

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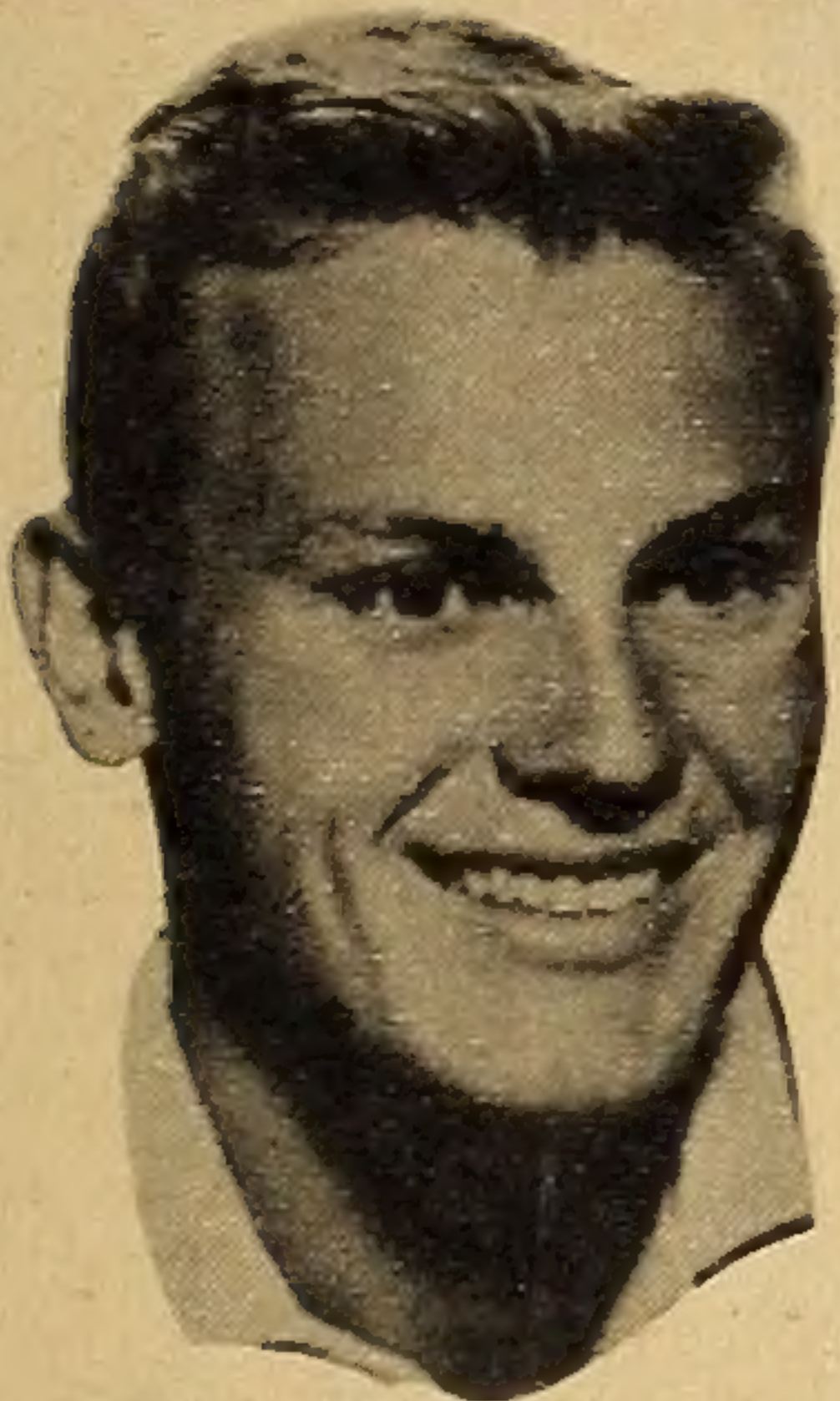


POWERFUL story of the real Old West, "Cowboy" stars Jack Lemmon and Glenn Ford.

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FAVORITE STARS**

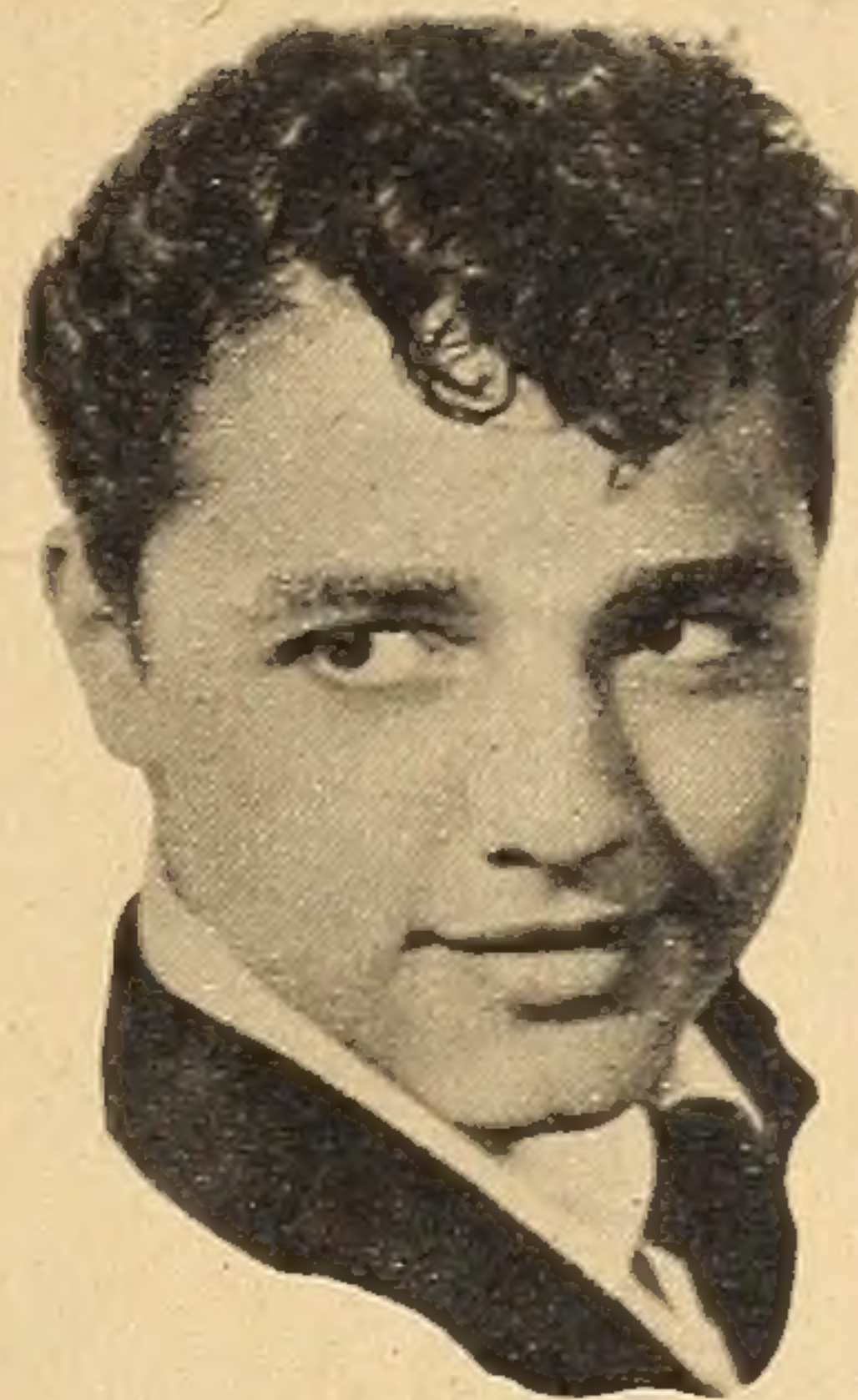
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☐ Tommy Sands Fan Club ☐ Pat Boone Fan Club

I understand that I will receive absolutely FREE all the above mentioned pictures and benefits. Enclosed is my registration fee of \$1.00 (Enclose \$4.00 if you wish to join all 4 fan clubs.) ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order

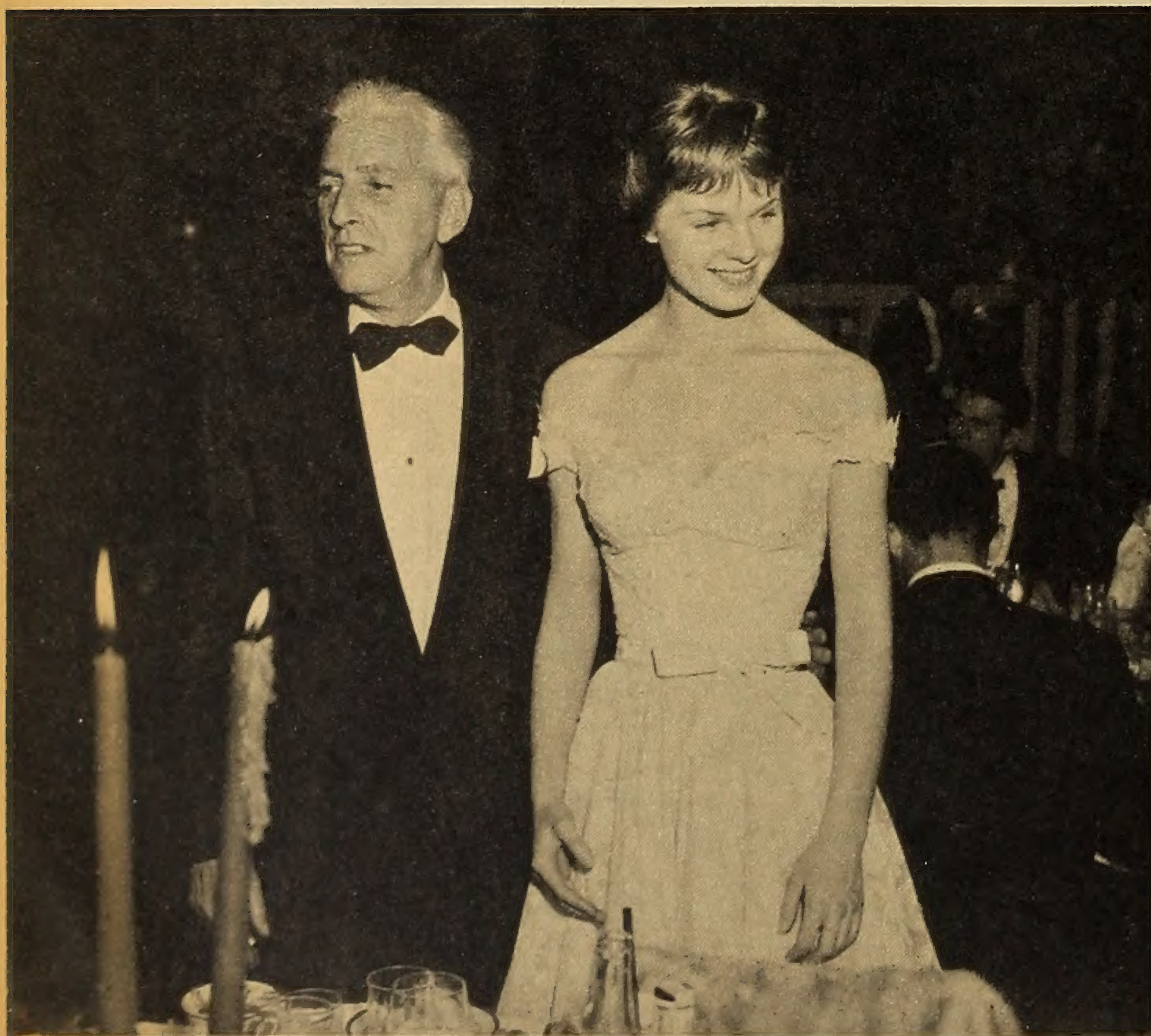
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The strange story of Diane Varsi

The shy, moody girl who emerged a star from "Peyton Place" has crowded a lot of living into her 19 years; to some, she is "a female Jimmy Dean"



DIANE and producer Buddy Adler at a 20th Century-Fox party. Her next pictures are "The Hell Bent Kid" and "Ten North Frederick."

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHEN, a few months ago, "Peyton Place" was premiered with major triumph fanfare, a curious thing took place in the shadowed darkness of the crowded theatre.

Diane Varsi, the young unknown who played Lana Turner's daughter Allison in the film, came to the gala performance with two men—a magazine writer and James Dickson, the man who was mighty soon to be her ex-husband. This was Diane's first premiere and her initial screen appearance. She had already seen the film twice, in studio projection rooms. But *this* night was in deference to studio brass, who wanted their newest, most talked-of young star to be displayed to the public.

The evening gown Diane wore—it was also her first—had been provided by the Wardrobe Department. Studio aides had provided her make-up, her wrap, her hairdo. But the trembling nerves, the shakiness and the fluttery stomach were all her own.

Diane slouched in her seat, her thin shoulders tense. She remembered the day she had first come to the studio—by public bus—to read for the role, still unknown, unheralded, unsought. She could recall the location in Maine, her faith in herself so slim that during the early weeks of shooting she would present herself each day to Director Mark Robson and ask, "Am I fired yet?" She still saw the piece of braided tape she hung on her dressing room mirror to give her shaky fingers something to do while her mind was at work; and she thought again of that moment at the end of the picture when she went to her good friend Robson and said, "The publicity department wants some information about me—a sort of personal history. What shall I tell them?"

"Tell them . . .," said the director, "tell them that your history is still in the future."

Sitting there, among that glamorous, sophisticated audience, Diane saw herself again as Allison—the tortured, rebellious teenager. Suddenly, she felt that she could not remain a moment longer.

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Levelling with



BY PAT BOONE AS TOLD TO REBA AND BONNIE CHURCHILL

my kid brother



Having conquered the hurdles that

accompany every star's rise,

Pat warns brother Nick, who's also aiming

for the top, of the dangers that lie ahead

"**T**HAT'S a lily! Print it," signaled the director. The crowd smiled as they heard the term "lily." By now, the citizens of Lexington, Kentucky, were familiar with our film company's jargon, and knew a lily wasn't a flower, but indicated a good scene.

Walking away from the camera, I began searching the crowd for my brother, Nicky, who was making his movie debut in "April Love." He'd been scheduled to play a one-day bit role, but when he learned that as an extra he could work four days, he switched. We Boones are a frugal lot!

That evening as we chinned in my hotel room, Nick admitted he'd liked his first taste of show business and wanted to give it a try. He has a good singing voice. (No, I'm not prejudiced, for later in the year, Dot Records, signed him and he made his debut on Ed Sullivan's show.)

Naturally, I volunteered to help. But, he maintained he wanted to do it on his own. We're both independent, so when he said, "No," I knew he'd made up his mind.

"I think I'll change my name to Nick Todd," he thought aloud. "Later, when my career is launched, I will mention we're brothers. I don't want people to think I got an opportunity because of your success." He didn't want to fight the younger brother jinx that happens so often in show business. I admired his spunk, but I also couldn't help offering a few suggestions.

It isn't often I go in for the "big brother" routine. Perhaps, it's because Nicky is only one year younger than I am—we even share the same birthday, June 1. However, I felt there were certain pleasures and pitfalls he should be aware of.

I was in a good position to mention the pitfalls, for that very morning a friend had called from Hollywood and read me an item in the paper. It said I had demanded that the script of "April Love" be rewritten and all the love scenes with Shirley Jones omitted. It went on that I didn't want

continued on page 16

to kiss anyone, on the screen or off, except my wife, Shirley.

I was flabbergasted at the report—first because it was in the paper at all, and, secondly, because there had been no script changes. “Listen, Nicky,” I confided, “whether your career is a hit or miss, right at the start, set a standard of ethics for yourself and stick to it. When someone prints a lie about you, it’s only right to set him straight.”

Then, I tried to trace how all this non-kissing publicity must have started. In Hollywood, I’d wondered half-aloud how I was going to evaluate screen parts. Should I refuse to do anything in a movie role that I wouldn’t do in real life? Or, since it was a movie, should I do whatever the part called for?

Certainly, if I refused ever to have a love scene in a picture, I’d be limiting the type of roles I’d play, but in

the long run, that isn’t the really important thing to me. However, in 20th’s “April Love,” there wasn’t any problem and no reason for false reports. I never asked that the script be rewritten. Why should I? It was a story of first love, in which boy and girl were shy—and expressed their love accordingly. There was no reason for a ruckus about that, and I said so.

Of course, Nicky already knew how I felt about certain things that would be out-of-character for me. For example, I make it a point never to drink or smoke either on TV or in films. I don’t do so in real life, so why should I set that kind of example for teenage viewers? This isn’t because of my religion; it’s simply because I have a very high respect for good health.

I’ve learned to speak up for what I feel strongly about,



these two, there is respect and understanding

especially when people intimate, "Now that you're a star, you'll change." I ask, "How do you figure that? The rules I live by today are the same I set up for myself as a teenager in Nashville. I haven't deviated from them, and I'm sure Nicky won't either."

We couldn't have picked a better time to get together. For while in Lexington, I received a first-hand example of how a big star remains a nice human being.

The bellboy brought up a letter, forwarded from Hollywood. This wasn't unusual, but the name, Bing Crosby, on the envelope certainly was. It contained a clipping from a trade paper with a review of "Bernardine." There was a paragraph marked which compared me with Bing. Referring to it, he wrote, "Now, Pat, you've got to aim higher than this." He went on to mention a TV show I'd just done,

A YEAR apart, the singing Boones have always been close. Nick welcomes advice given by Pat.

BEHIND Pat's youthful smile is a level-headed fellow with a wholesome set of values that are enviable.



and wished me success in "your continued development." Then, he gave me some wise advice.

I was so thrilled over his taking time out to write me, that I re-read it until the paper was limp. Then I sent it to my wife and told her to buy a frame for it.

During my talk with Nicky, I tried to emphasize not to get discouraged. It's one of the newcomer's biggest battles. It's all right to hand out advice, "Chin up, keep trying," but when every door seems to slam in your face, and you have to live those words, it's difficult.

I didn't have to reminisce very far to recall the times this had happened to me. Shirley and I had moved to Dallas, and I was frantically trying to find a job. If I didn't get one, I wouldn't be able to enroll in college. I'd been turned down by most of the local radio stations. Perhaps the biggest blow was when I auditioned for a singer's spot in Dallas and the station manager admitted he needed someone, but I wasn't the one—"Because you sing too softly."

I didn't have much time to worry about vocal volume, for Shirley and I learned we were expecting our first baby. This made getting a job imperative. Finally, I went to Fort Worth to TV station WBAP and was interviewed by Mr. Hough. When he heard I was from Nashville, he seemed very interested. He asked, "How much salary do you want?" I couldn't hedge, it was a direct question. I quickly tried to figure how little I could ask, so I'd be sure to get the job, yet how much I needed to live. My subconscious whispered \$75 a month, but my mouth said \$150 to \$200 a month. When he agreed to \$200, I nearly collapsed.

"I'll start you off on our TV Barn Dance, next Friday

continued on page 18

"Listen Nicky, whether your career is hit or miss, right at the start, set a standard of ethics for yourself and stick to it . . ."

night. Be sure to bring your guitar and costume along."

"I have a ukulele, but I don't have a costume," I admitted.

"Okay," he agreed, "we'll outfit you."

It was evident he thought I was a western and country singer, but I needed the job, so I didn't tell him differently.

That's one thing about show business that my brother will have to learn early—when opportunity does knock, don't be afraid to give it a little nudge.

This brought me to another point. Have confidence in your own judgment, but never be blinded to the ideas of others. I cited the time I rebelled at the title of a song I was to record. It was "Ain't That A Shame."

"Here I am an English minor in college," I argued, "how can I sing a tune with ain't in the lyrics?"

The powers-that-be at Dot Records were patient with me and listened to my arguments, but I had to make the recording anyway. After it sold over a million, and I received my first gold record, I repented. I also realized how little I knew. From then on, I welcomed their suggestions.

This carried over to my private life. When it was mentioned that some people take advantage of your success, I didn't believe it. But, when my wife quoted the price a doctor wanted to remove our daughter Cherry's tonsils,

and it was a figure larger than the cost of bringing all three babies into the world—including taxi fares home—I began to get the point. So I warned Nicky to expect mounting living expenses as his career progresses.

I tried to arrange things so I'm home with my family as much as possible, but personal appearances and locations bite into our time together. Again, that's one thing every performer, including Nicky, must face. You do have to meet the public, and that means travel. Although Nicky is still single, there'll be times when he'll get homesick.

Life, of course, is full of surprises. Some are sweet and wonderful, others are more deflating. One of the latter I still recall. It happened in London.

For a television appearance, I wore a conservative striped sports coat. It had a soft finish, which I thought would look good from the stage. Unfortunately, the lights picked up every line in the fabric. The critics singled it out thusly, "Pat Boone has a good personality, but his taste in clothes is atrocious!"

It's like I told Nicky, always try your best to please, but if you can't change something, don't worry about it. Instead, save yourself, not for the limelight, but where the spotlight of honor counts most, in the hearts of those you love. **END**

BOTH appeared in "April Love," Nick as an extra. Nick changed his last name to Todd to avoid younger brother jinx of show biz.





YUL BRYNNER

KARAMAZOV and friend

*A great book, "The Brothers Karamazov" is now a film
and its stars, Yul Brynner and Maria Schell,
are so real it might have been written for them*

THE PRIZE role of Grushenka in MGM's "The Brothers Karamazov" went to European actress Maria Schell, discovered by Yul Brynner at a Hollywood party.





DMITRI Karamazov (Brynnner) seeks out Grushenka in anger because of her association with his father but winds up deeply in love.
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As Dmitri Karamazov, a role that is tailor-made for him, Yul makes full use of his own special brand of magnetism and his remarkable talent



BOTH Grushenka and her lover (Dmitri) try to run away from the complications their love has made but are doomed.

EVEN these ill-fated two have their happy moments together as the smiles of Maria Schell and Yul Brynner indicate.



ON TRIAL for his life, as a consequence of his father's death, Dmitri pleads his case with eloquence but without much hope.





IN "The Brothers Karamazov," American audiences will be able to see what made Maria Schell's acting famous all over Europe. **END**



FOLLOWING a simple marriage ceremony in the First Methodist Church in Scottsdale, Arizona, Natalie and Bob cut wedding cake.

Natalie and Bob answer their fans!

Unable to reply to all the mail that poured in after their marriage, Nat and Bob take a cross section of pros and cons and respond with humor and taste



APPLYING for the marriage license Natalie and Bob appeared quite gay and lighthearted despite the solemnity of the occasion.

WHEN Natalie Wood became Mrs. Robert Wagner, the chain reaction to the final finish of this highly provocative romance hit the film capital with all the impact of a hydrogen bomb.

Following the simple ceremony attended by a small group, which included the happy couple's immediate families and a few close friends, letters, telegrams and phone calls poured in from the four corners of the world. Bob and Natalie chose the First Methodist Church in Scottsdale, Arizona, because marriage is a sacred affair and they preferred to keep it within the confines of good taste and dignity.

Amongst their many fans and friends, the majority went all out for the popular pair becoming man and wife and living happily ever after. But needless to say, in such cases you can't please everyone and there are always those who voice disapproval. When we asked Natalie and Bob to tell us how they felt about all this, they came up with an excellent idea. By going through the tons of mail received by their respective studios, they selected a representative cross section which graphically illustrates the general reaction to their marriage.

With the typical honesty and humor that is the original foundation of their heartwarming relationship, Natalie and Bob refused to pull punches.

"If you want a *true* picture of the situation," they agreed, "then we'll give you a *true* picture. If you want anything less—then we prefer to skip it!"

The following letters speak for themselves. Some bless and some burn, but this is the way the newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner, Jr. would have it. Brickbats or bouquets, they're still grateful for everyone's interest. Their one re-

gret? That they'd never live long enough to send individual answers to *all* the letters sent by those who cared enough to write to them.

Dear Natalie and Bob:

Although I am nearly 70, this is my first letter to Hollywood. You both have many admirable qualities and have given much happiness to millions. Now I hope this same happiness comes back to you. God bless you both from a spinster who envies you.

Bessie W.
Springfield, New Jersey

Dear Bessie:

Your letter touched us and we do thank you.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Natalie:

You are my favorite girl movie star and I can hardly wait to see you in "Marjorie Morningstar." I like Bob Wagner a lot, but if I were you, I would have married Tab Hunter if I couldn't get Elvis Presley. What has Bob got that Tab and Elvis haven't got? Anyway, I sure wish you both lots of luck and happiness.

Peggy L.
Montgomery, Alabama

Dear Peggy:

Your letter made me laugh and thanks for wishing us
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well. Tab and Elvis are very nice and I'll tell you what Bob has that they don't have. My heart! Sincerely,

Natalie

Dear Bob:

I love you. I love you more than any other movie star and I've lost you. I'll never forgive Natalie Wood for taking you away from me. If she really loved you, she'd give up her career and be a housewife. Who's going to darn your socks and cook your meals when Nat is away on location? If I was lucky enough to be Mrs. R. J. Wagner, believe me, I'd even shine your shoes. Goodbye forever.

Estelle P.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Estelle:

I'm sorry you feel the way you do, because my life is filled with happiness. Now I'll let you in on a little secret. I like to shine my own shoes. Best.

Bob

Dear Mrs. Wagner: (a-hem!)

I'm glad to see that you got rid of that pixie haircut and I'm glad that you changed your name. You have made a very wise choice when, of all your boy friends, you decided

THE high spot of Natalie's career was "Morningstar" so that it was a fitting time in her life for her to decide on marriage.



IN "Marjorie," Natalie falls head over heels in love with Noel (played by Gene Kelly) and this leads to a momentous decision.

that Robert was *the* one. You are my favorite actress and Bob is my favorite actor. You look like you belong together. Isn't love wonderful? Your friend,

Roy C.
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Roy:

You are right. Love is wonderful and I wish you the same happiness that is mine today. Sincerely,

Natalie

Dear Rob't:

Congratulations. I'm glad you married Natalie Wood and not Terry Moore. You are a good actor, but you'd better stop playing villains or Natalie won't know when you're acting, or if you mean it! I hope you appreciate Natalie and I hope she can cook. You're a cute couple and deserve each other. Good luck to you.

Marjorie K.
Lynn, Massachusetts

Dear Marjorie:

I don't think Terry Moore's husband would have approved if I married her! It's part of my job to play the parts the studio assigns me and, incidentally, I'm not a villain in "Stopover Tokyo." You should taste Natalie's hamburger a-la Wood! Many thanks.

Bob

Dear "Little Bug" and "Mr. Squid":

Are you truly in love with each other, or was your wedding a publicity stunt? If you are truly in love, then we wish you all the luck and happiness in the world. Bob, you were just the swinging-est on the Dinah Shore show and Natalie, last year you sure stole Bob Hope's TV show and that ain't easy.

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NATALIE and Bob respect each other's work immensely and both will continue their careers, would even like to co-star together.

photos by Alfred Wertheimer



TONY PERKINS

The importance of being shy

By RAHNA MAUGHAN

An enormously talented actor, Tony's

a quiet, serious young man who finds that

his bashful nature can be an asset

against the inquisitive eyes of the world

IT WASN'T that the office of Paramount's board chairman had an electrical short-circuit, it was Tony Perkins who was charged with electricity. Everything he touched crackled. He didn't look the type, either. In a sports jacket, oxford grey flannels, a green sweater and fashionable grimy buckskin shoes, he appeared more like a prep school fourth form student than the rage of Broadway and Hollywood.

Fresh from a brisk walk of about a dozen blocks, Perkins' face sparkled with an incredibly healthy glow associated with youth, cold showers in the morning, at least a quart of milk a day and a whopping bowl of oatmeal for breakfast.

The quiet charm of Adolph Zukor's office—that noted gentleman was off in Europe—seemed to impress Perkins. On the walls were pictures of people in out-dated hair styles and clothes—people who had been as famous in their day as Perkins is in his. The ceilings were oak-beamed, the furniture massive, and in one corner, under a glass case, was a geisha doll, vibrant and beautiful. Tony paced restlessly, picked up a colorful drawing of a set design, put it down, passed on to the leaded glass windows, opened one and stuck his head out. "Not bad," he flicked out his impression of the view and shut the window at the same time. His eyes behind silver-rimmed glasses, the kind bookkeepers used to wear, lit on a card table.

"Hasn't lunch come yet?" he inquired of no one special.

When the waiters finally did arrive, Tony took over the seating arrangements—he has a talent for organizing things—then sprawled over a chair and promptly went to work demolishing the tomato and shredded lettuce salad. He always eats lunch at 1 p.m. and dinner at 6. It was about a quarter past one then.

"Know what you want to talk about?" he finally asked. He looked directly at me for the first time. His eyes were exceptionally dark brown and intelligent.

"What would you say to running shyness through the finder and see what we can frame?"

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TONY PERKINS

"Even though no one exactly enjoys being shy, I think people who hold back something of themselves are more interesting"



"I'M NOT as shy as I used to be. As soon as you start to meet a lot of people and find you're not really inadequate, it helps."

FOUR films, including "Desire Under The Elms," then into a play, left Tony little time to relax.

Tony blinked and stirred his iced water with a carrot stick. The sweater almost but not quite hid the fact that he was tieless. He cleared his throat nervously. "You mean am I, or was I, ever shy? Well," he paused. There wasn't a sound except the tinkling of ice. "I suppose I've always been a little shy. In certain circumstances—it depends on whom I'm with."

His description of "a little shy" wasn't exactly accurate if any of the reports on Tony were to be believed. One representative story coming from a friend who had stopped to chat with him on the street, told how Tony had pulled him behind a sign in front of a movie house where they continued their conversation crouched down hoping to escape the stares of passers-by.

When he walks his dog, Punky, adopted five years ago from a pound because he jumped the highest and seemed most anxious to get out, Tony doesn't amble at standard dog-walking stride. To avoid being followed home, he tears along at a real ferocious clip, out-distancing even the most determined admirer.

Each week he's swamped by invitations to all sorts of parties. A family friend who handles these matters for Tony has a standing order to accept none. He prefers to spend what little free time he has alone, or occasionally with married friends who have families.

"The people you meet at parties, you get to know only in a superficial way. Gee, this is good!" The waiter had arrived with the food: London broil, baked potato, peas, and a large glass of milk for Tony. After tasting everything, Tony resumed. "It doesn't do you any good meeting people on temporary





TONY'S greatest role is his current one as the awkward, unhappy 17-year-old Thomas Wolfe in the play "Look Homeward, Angel."

terms. I think parties are always unnerving. There's a lot of tension because I usually become the center of attention. I feel as though I should be somebody or do something extraordinary. And after all, I'm a fairly dull person incapable of saying or doing anything witty."

TONY, perhaps because he's so quiet and serious-minded, often gives the impression of placing himself behind a thick plate glass window of a sound-proofed room and watching the noisy bewildering extravaganza his life has become. Now and then, he steps out and wades right into things. He has worked out his own ways of sparing himself some of the jostling and unpleasantness.

"I think one way you can try to combat any feelings of inadequacy or dread of a new experience is to prepare yourself. Have something to say. Or, run over in your mind your own feelings. You can say: 'Well, I have to do this thing, or go here. Now, let's see, who's going to be there? Well, so-and-so-and-so-and-so. . . . Now, if you met them one at a time, you'd be perfectly at ease. It's just this meeting people collectively that seems to give you trouble. . . . Well, why should that be?'" As Tony acted out his theories on auto-suggestion, he seemed to brighten up a little as if it was taking hold. "'You're intelligent, or at least as articulate as those people. . . . So, in a given situation you should be able to stand up as well as they. Think how shy *they* probably feel!'"

"By bolstering yourself in that way," Tony summed up, toying with a coffee cup, "you can step in and maybe be a little more self-confident."

"I'll say this, I'm not as shy now as when I wasn't getting a lot of attention. A shy person gets that way by feeling rejected. As soon as you start meeting a lot of people and find you're not really inadequate at all, it helps."

"Often, getting away from home forces you to face things squarely. At home and with your family, it's usually comfortable and you don't have to try too hard to measure up to other standards."

Starting at the age of 12, Tony's mother, who resides in New York, sent him to boarding school. His father, Osgood Perkins, a matinee idol of the '20s and early '30s, died when Tony was five. Mrs. Perkins finally decided her son needed masculine discipline and attention. There, and later at prep school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he learned to follow rules and regulations. To this day, he still gets up at 7 a.m. every morning, including Sunday.

Today, he's in a position where he can do as he pleases. His fame has rocketed in just a few short years. Right now, he's starring on Broadway in one of the season's greatest dramas, "Look Homeward, Angel," has four unreleased pictures for which he reportedly received \$150,000 each, is scheduled to start another picture in July, and recently cut an LP and some rock 'n' roll records. Any one of these

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JANET LEIGH:

"My Teenage Problems"

*Janet reveals that the emotional crises
she encountered while she was growing up closely resemble
the difficulties of many young people of today*

THE REST of the world could be frowning its worried brow over sputniks and counter-sputniks, but to pretty, bright-eyed Janet Leigh that balmy Beverly Hills afternoon there was nothing of more transcending importance than the coming second birthday of her indefatigable and irrepressible daughter, Kelly Lee Curtis.

"Time goes so swiftly," Janet gasped with the discovery that comes so startlingly to all mothers. "Really, just as they say, it seems only yesterday that I was a teenager myself, and it won't be so long before Kelly is in her teens."

That's what started Janet to wondering if Kelly's teenage would be fraught with the same pitfalls as hers was. Memories of Janet's still very recent teen age—if it wasn't only yesterday, it was the day before yesterday—returned in a flood of reminiscence.

"I don't think anybody knows about teenagers but a teenager," Janet made so bold as to disqualify all the would-be experts not excepting herself. "I'm not a teenager any more than I'm a baby. I don't know what a baby thinks. I resent people who are such experts on teenagers."

Her voice became almost impassioned as she faced up to the problem that confronts every generation whether it is coping with the first sputtering of the horseless carriage, the invention of the flying machine, or monkeying around with outer space.

"There are so many stories about our delinquent teenagers, our problem teenagers," Janet was plainly put out over this emphasis. "People are not being fair. Maybe teenagers have a reason for living a little sooner. We live in such a speeded

up world. We even have rockets to the moon. I think people are making a big scream. I can't blame teenagers, or say they're wrong."

Janet herself had "lived a little sooner," as she put it. She realized that her own teenage had not been representative from a chronological point of view. She had developed physically much earlier than other girls her age, and she had been no less precocious socially and intellectually. When she was 12, she was doing the same things as youngsters of 15. This included going to school with them and dating with them. But Janet felt that her emotional problems were typical, rather than unique. Even if she was reluctant to bill herself as an expert, she was willing to examine her own young womanhood with clinical frankness in the hope that it might be of some value to other teenagers—as well as to their parents.

"I don't think," Janet said, "that parents pay enough attention to teenagers. A teenager needs more attention than a baby." She said it even as she lovingly fondled her own baby. "Teenage is the turning point of life, and parents think their kids are off their hands when they reach their teens."

Kelly Lee gurgled appreciatively as her mother affectionately rumbled her glistening chestnut hair.

"When a teenager's education starts," Janet gave Kelly a resounding kiss to the cheek, "is now. I think we've started well with her. We give her all the love and affection in the world, and she's also disciplined. She knows when I mean no. I never yell at her. I hope there won't be any rebellion when she's in her teens. I'll always try to be fair. There's a more

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Not so long ago Janet needed the kind of advice that daughter Kelly might soon be asking of her

widespread awareness of psychology than when I was a child. Parents today have much more opportunity to know how to handle children than of any previous generation. My own folks, I'm sure, thought they were doing what was right. Perhaps the use of psychology would have tempered the way they handled me. Maybe they could have known more."

Janet wasn't sweeping anything under the rug. She was not about to pretend that there had not been times in her own teens when she felt there could have been less restriction and more understanding. She felt that way notwithstanding her realization, then as now, that her folks always had acted in what they considered her best interests. That knowledge hadn't been enough to keep the fires of frustration from blazing and sending off sparks of resentment.

Janet's resistance to what she considered unreasonable restraints on her social freedom was to build up ultimately until it exploded in a teenage crisis that, handled unwisely, could have wrecked her life. When Janet balked at parental restrictions, she never doubted their love, nor did she feel that she was acting spoiled, or defying them for kicks. She felt rather that the restraint ignored a basic need within her and common to all her teenage friends. A typical example was when she was forbidden to go car riding with boys.

"MY father refused to let me ride with a boy," she recalled. "He and mother were scared to death. It was a safety thing with them—more than anything else. They were afraid I might get hurt in an accident. My mother was always a little over-protective. I used to ask them, beg them to let me do it. I explained that all the girls in my group

at school did it. I begged them at least to let me go in a car with a boy so we could drive for a burger at lunch, or come home from school. But I couldn't convince them."

Far from producing an acquiescent daughter, the prohibition stirred up an insurgent Janet.

"I did it anyway," she said it more pensively than defiantly, "because it was worse not to be one of the gang than to ignore the instructions of my parents in something that I didn't think was bad. It's terribly important for a teenager not to be different. If Kelly comes home and says everyone is wearing pink shoes, and she wants to wear pink shoes, she's going to do it no matter how much I object. What difference should it make to me whether Kelly wears pink or green shoes if it makes her one of the gang? If everyone does it, it means her two best friends do it—and that makes it just about the most important thing in the world. That's how I felt about riding in a car with boys, and that's why it always was a bone of contention. To do what the rest of the kids did was terribly important to me as a teenager."

Another thing "the rest of the kids did" was stay at dances until they ended at midnight. But Janet had to make like Cinderella at the stroke of 11.

"If I wanted to neck a few minutes with my boy friend," she smiled without diminishing the gravity of the matter when the restriction was in force, "I had to leave the dance at 10:30."

Janet could not be persuaded that her welfare required an earlier curfew than that of her friends. Like the prohibition on car riding with boys, she regarded it as an arbitrary curtailment of her liberties, as another instance in

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EVERYONE finds taking pictures fun and Janet was no exception. As a teenager she enjoyed posing for pictures with her school friends.





HER own teenage problems have made Janet very much aware of her child's need for security. Janet's currently in "The Vikings."

AUDREY AND MEL:

Pacific



A COUPLE of cowboy outfits and a few days relaxing under the Western skies and the Ferrers feel ready to face the world.

Hideaway

*Between busy film schedules, the
Ferrers manage to retreat for a weekend to
a ranch nestled among the
hills along the Santa Barbara Coast*



HEPBURN goes horseback riding and lassoes some fun. After this weekend she was off to Africa for "The Nun's Story."

THE DAY ends and the cattle are driven home along the beach while a smiling Mel appears happy to be up in the hills just watching.



END



SANDRA DEE

Enduring young charmer

*The prettiest and most youthful star
in Hollywood carries herself with
a poise that belies her age and reveals
a firm inner belief in her future*

IN A TOWN where the relentless years are considered a movie lovely's greatest enemy, pert, doll-like Sandra Dee's greatest desire is to speed time on its way.

"I just can't wait until my 16th birthday on April 23rd," she sighed, "because that's the day I get my driver's license. Mother gave me a darling Thunderbird for Christmas. I'd left the agency a snip of my hair and they made the whole car—inside and out—all champagne-blonde. I like everything champagne-colored. Even my toy poodle, Melinda, and Pumpkin, my pomeranian, are champagne-colored."

Only one tiny worry clouds Sandy's superb eyes. She may not be back from location shots in London and Paris for "The Reluctant Debutante" by April 23rd. Her hope is to have the dream car waiting at the airport so she can drive it home. But there is the matter of the license. Listening to her, you know that she'll get that important document the very first possible minute.

Observing her on the screen and across a luncheon table, you wonder if Hollywood has found another Elizabeth Taylor—a blonde one this time.

You compare Liz' colossal violet eyes with Sandra's equally colossal chestnut-colored ones and you're aware of the same delicious sensation of drowning in a pair of magnificent eyes. You see about as pretty a 15-year-old as you'd ever find, with features that can only be described as perfect. You're conscious of that super-femininity called sex appeal, and you're conscious, too, that here is a youngster completely absorbed in movie-making.

And you wonder how things will be with Sandra Dee 10 years from now. Today, there's no time for friends, boy or girl; for fun, parties or the sports

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she used to enjoy—ice skating, swimming and horseback riding. There is only time for movie-making and school work. That's how Sandra wants it and that's how she's wanted it since the day she modeled in a benefit fashion show for the Girl Scouts when she was all of 12. Harry Conover saw her then and asked her to become a professional model.

Before that, Sandra lived as any carefully reared child of well-to-do parents lives. Born in Bayonne, New Jersey, of Russian parentage, christened Alexandria, Sandra's parents were divorced when she was very young and her mother later married a cosmopolite and *bon vivant*, Moscow-born Eugene Douvan, a theatrical agent and friend of many Broadway stars. The great tragedy of Sandra's life is that he died in 1956, just before she was to embark on her Hollywood career.

BEHIND that glittering career, as there is behind practically every successful child star's, is a guiding hand—her mother's. But Sandra is no complacent mama's darling, pushed about by an engineering stage mother. Instead, between Sandra and Mary Douvan, there is a relaxed, almost sisterly relationship, made possible because Sandra is basically ambitious, knows where she is going, and has almost frighteningly mature judgment. Petite, vivacious Mary

Douvan doesn't look much older than Sandy and weighs about the same—99 pounds.

Mrs. Douvan recalls that Sandra was a beautiful baby, so perfect, pink and white, that "when she was just five hours old, the nurses kept carrying her around from mother to mother at the hospital." Sandra, it seems, was never shy; at three, dressed in stiff organdy with a big bow in back, she'd entertain neighborhood merchants with Russian folk songs—songs she'd never been taught but picked up from hearing her father sing. "When we were in the car," remembers Mrs. Douvan, "my husband loved to sing the Russian army songs he'd learned as an officer under the Czar. Sandy wouldn't seem to be paying any attention but only recently when I was trying to recall the words, I found that she knows all the songs, word for word!"

"Daddy told me I was going to have a theatrical career before I was old enough to go to school," Sandy revealed in a sudden serious mood. "And everything my father ever prophesied came true. He'd tell me not to date too early, not to have only boys on my mind, to work hard at whatever I did . . . I won't ever do anything to let him down," she added very softly.

Eugene Douvan was certain that Sandy would end up in



SANDRA rarely gets time to play with her dog, she's so busy in films like "The Wonderful Years," "The Reluctant Debutante."

WEIGHT-watching is one rigor of stardom, so Sandra's salad days may never be over.





HER mother helps her study scenes. "I'm learning acting," she laughs, "playing all the other parts while Sandra rehearses her scenes."

the theatre but he refused to allow her to seek a career. "It'll find you," he used to say.

And it did. The springboard was a modeling job at \$25 an hour for the American Girl magazine (which Douvan Pere approved of as "nice"). In the "Cooking With Judy" series, Sandra was Judy. Another early job was posing as the mother of a baby. Fortunately, Sandra has the kind of face which can be photographed to appear 10 or 20 years old.

The ball began to roll—too fast for the Douvans, but not for the determined youngster who loved the excitement of modeling, the \$30 an hour she was earning at 13, the seven national magazines which carried her pretty face and figure on their covers in one year. Filmed TV commercials some weeks raised the take to \$1,500! And each time they are repeated, the Dee coffers ring up another \$50.

WE THOUGHT Sandy would work maybe once a week but it turned out to be six bookings a day," says Sandy's mother. "I worried about her overworking but she remained in perfect health, never tired, although keeping up with her on her daily rounds exhausted me."

Soon Sandy's schedule became so involved that the principal of P. S. 69 in Manhattan suggested she change to the

Professional Children's School which educates show-business youngsters. And later it became more practical to have the precocious child educated by a tutor at home after finishing her modeling chores.

"It got to be pretty hectic," Sandra recalled. "Sometimes I'd have to be out in Connecticut early in the morning for pictures, and the agency had booked another job in Manhattan a half hour later. Naturally, I'd be late and both photographer and client would be upset. Once, another model and I had to pose in bathing suits on a ship in the harbor in winter and we turned blue—literally blue. The assistant would add more make-up to cover up the blueness and we kept on shivering. The other girl came down with pneumonia but I was more fortunate.

"At first when I'd ask, 'What about lunch?' I was told to eat an apple or a tomato in a taxi as the other models did. A lot of the really successful models have ulcers because they are forever dieting and use up a lot of energy rushing from appointment to appointment.

"All that constant talk of dieting! For a while, I hardly ate anything trying to keep my weight down. Poor Mom was beside herself begging me to eat and take vitamin pills. Other mothers were forever taking away candy bars from their

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Bachelor Tycoon

With the kind of business acumen that a Wall St. banker would admire, Hugh has parlayed his television role of Wyatt Earp into a financial bonanza



HUGH has remained a bachelor because he hasn't found the "right girl." Meanwhile, he enjoys dating beauties like Sonia Hamilton (Miss England).

By JOHN MAYNARD

ON THIS balmy noontime of what Southern California is pleased to think of as mid-winter, the revolving door of Beverly Hills' Brown Derby Restaurant shuddered briefly, performed its nominal function, and injected Wyatt Earp. Or rather, since spooks are not encouraged to enter any of the Derby restaurants unless extremely well-dressed, it injected Hugh O'Brian, who portrays Earp on television and in the process has found his personal and professional identity becoming alarmingly obscured. This does not pronouncedly bother O'Brian, who is busy as a squirrel parlaying the doughty marshal into an industry, but he likes to remind people that his name is O'Brian. His official biography so states opposite the query REAL NAME?, and to dwell upon the circumstance that his father's name is Hugh J. Krampe gives one nothing 'but a headache.

Now O'Brian, having been injected, proceeded briskly down the south aisle, his gun hand ready but in other respects bearing no special resemblance to TV's Wyatt—a peculiarity in itself. But it is true: Wyatt's flat hat and other accoutrements aside, the steel-trap mouth and chilly

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IT'S been said that Hugh resembles the real Wyatt Earp, but whatever Wyatt looked like, the O'Brian version is certainly handsome.

HUGH O'BRIAN *continued*



"I'VE been asked if I'm scared of being Earp for life. I'm not. I was Hugh O'Brian before this began and will be when it's over.

Proof of Hugh's versatility is in the recordings he's made which add dimension to his career

look of the screen's Earp do not belong particularly to O'Brian, who is animated and smiles frequently. On this day he was late but not late enough to have to apologize. He apologized anyway. "It's been one of those mornings," he said.

One of what mornings?

"Well, I did an interview with a writer in Milwaukee at eight-thirty. Telephone, you know, not round-trip Sputnik. Then another with a man in Houston. And another in Seattle. All set up, of course. So my bacon and eggs got cold. So I ate them cold. Then my secretary was there, and the mail, and I had to get to a meeting, and now here, and another meeting after lunch. That's how it goes."

O'Brian's vis-a-vis, who knew a little about Earp but nothing about O'Brian, had the feeling of being under water. In due time, he was surfaced.

If Wyatt Earp, either with the aid or the handicap of possessing a last name suggestive of an unfortunate gastric occurrence after a bolted meal, is a legend, then Hugh O'Brian is indeed an industry, various and tireless.

THE O'Brian interests—he refers to himself frequently as "we" but not with delusions of royalty—expand into some 18 fields, including a number leaning on the identity of Wyatt Earp. Some doubt that Hopalong Cassidy ever had it so good in the palmiest days of his resurgence, back before TV Westerns lowered their voice. O'Brian, Inc. refers to his father, his business manager, his lawyer, his public relations firm, his agents and himself. That's "we."

But O'Brian, unlike Cassidy—whose real name, for the benefit of latecomers, was and is Bill Boyd—does not in other ways immerse himself in Wyatt. That is to say, he leaves the character on the set. No flat hats, no spurs, no

boots. Well, on this day he did wear black ankle-length jobs but they probably don't count. Otherwise, he was flawlessly tailored in dark blue ("I think good clothes are important") with two pockets on the right side of the coat.

O'Brian looks younger than Wyatt, kinder and quite a lot handsomer. It is hard to say why. Certainly he is a great deal more loquacious.

"I'm always asked," he said after a while, "whether I'm not scared of being Earp for life in the eyes of the mighty who hire, especially if Wyatt's life turns out to be only a couple of years more. I'm not. I'm Hugh O'Brian. I was before this began and will be when it's over. I've been on "Playhouse 90" and with Dinah Shore, and I've danced on TV specials, and Wyatt's not around at all, believe me. I know I've got to keep my oar in."

"Sure I'm crazy about Wyatt and grateful to him. I'd be a fool otherwise. Furthermore, I'm not going to talk down about him or any other Western because we're grown up and these are real people. One of these nights Wyatt'll get married because he really did marry. And so forth. But when Wyatt checks out of television, then there'll still be O'Brian to feed."

That's going to be an order, too. O'Brian was eating hugely, if somewhat erratically, bacon and eggs or not. He ate salad, steak, a platter of sliced oranges, dessert and coffee. Nothing to drink, thank you.

"Go ahead if you want to. I won't write it."

"No, no. I'm not being a phony. If I wanted a drink, I'd order it. I don't, that's all. You can write what you like. But don't put words in my mouth, will you?" He reflected unhappily for a minute on a piece on him which had appeared in a national magazine. What, oddly enough, disturbed him

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DURING a recording session, Hugh confers with conductor Ken Darby who wrote some of the songs in the Wyatt Earp album.

NO FLAT hat, spurs or boots away from the set for Hugh. "I think good clothes are important."

GEOFFREY HORNE

Date in the afternoon

Fun is where you find it and young newcomer

Geoffrey Horne, on vacation in New York

*between films, has the time, the
place and, most important, the right girl*

RAIN fails to dampen the spirits of 23-year-old Geoffrey and his very charming companion, lovely model Nancy Berg, wending their merry way in the Big City.



photos by Tom Caffrey, Globe



THE MUSEUM of Contemporary Crafts suits Geoffrey and his best girl just fine and they roam around looking over the displays.
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GEOFFREY HORNE continued



With three impressive film portrayals behind him, Geoffrey is fast making his way to stardom



MUTUAL interests are shared by Geoffrey and Nancy who are an inseparable twosome around Manhattan Island.

A SIX-FOOT bachelor, Geoffrey studied at the Actors Studio, played on stage and TV before making his film debut in "The Strange One."



CURRENTLY in "Bonjour Tristesse" and "The Bridge On The River Kwai," he's enjoying dates with Nancy while awaiting his next picture.



END



*You might take a long time getting there,
but eventually you arrive at*

The Chemise!



IF YOU'VE been on the fence about the chemise, this is the summer to relax and enjoy it! They used to say the chemise had "it"—and it still has! The chemise is definitely in like Flynn—and we think it's a fine thing.

After years of tiny waists, full skirts or their opposite—slinky dresses, it's nice to have the emphasis on looking *cute*, for a change. If you've watched movies of the '30's on TV or if you've browsed through old fan magazines, you know that the big attraction about the glamour girls of the period was that they were *cute*. Clara Bow, the "It" girl, was perhaps the cutest of them all—with her windblown hair-do and dimpled knees—but Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett and Carole Lombard were in there pitching, too. They were all perky and impertinent-looking. They were gay and irrepressible and when they danced the Charleston people called them "hot stuff" and "flaming youth." They looked the way everybody else wanted to look. Now fashion has decided that there's no reason the '30's should have had all the fun, and it's time the '50's had a chance. So all of you who were

born too late for the saucy, flirty look of the chemise can now catch up with it and see for yourselves how much sex appeal it really has!

The original chemise was a one-piece dress with no particular waistline. Today's chemises are one-piece or two-piece versions, topped with an overblouse that has the typical waistless chemise silhouette. But maybe you're wailing: "What about my *figure*? Why should I hide it? The answer is: A good figure *can't* be hidden, even in a chemise. In fact, the old idea of a concealed figure being more subtly attractive than a revealed one is proved by the chemise. First of all, a chemise must fit at the hips, which is figure-revealing in itself. Second, if you have a pretty bosom, the chemise indicates it without being so over-obvious as the plunging neckline we're all getting tired of. The slim lines of the shift (another fashion word for chemise) show your own slim lines. The only thing this fashion hides is your waistline. If it's tiny, you can show it in other fashions. If it isn't, what have you got to lose?

However, if the chemise hides your waist, it makes up for it by showing a little more of your pretty legs. Skirts are shorter, and are steadily creeping up toward the knee. So be prepared to take up the hem of your chemise when the time comes, and remember that stocking colors are definitely a part of your total color scheme. To make you look as much the real McCoy as possible, get yourself a pair of strapped pumps—they can be very flattering.

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◀The chemise look in two-piece plaid Lawford wool. Skirt is slim, overblouse has new looser look. Pull your hat to one side, add long necklace, strapped pumps. What could be cuter? Size 7 to 15. By Modern Jrs. About \$10 each.

The cutest stars of the '30's wore gay fashions like these—here's your chance to look like a flapper—complete with "it"!



photos by Ray Solowinski

Bright red overblouse with touches of white, fitted loosely in the chemise manner over red and white checked pleated skirt. Both in flannel. Also navy and white. Sizes 7 to 15. By College Teens. About \$23.

Under the red V-necked overblouse there's a sleeveless dress with fitted white top and pleated red skirt. All of Soap 'n' Water rayon. Sizes 8 to 14. By Bonnie Blair. About \$8. The yard-long necklace by Accessocraft.

What else should you wear with your chemise? Well starting with your hair, you might try the swirling new pinwheel cut. If you love your pony tail or chignon, by all means hang on to it. But if you're craving something new, and especially right with the chemise look, have your hair cut in short pinwheel layers on top, and comb forward short curly wisps over your cheeks. It's cute on almost everyone, and very '30's-ish. Then pull on a little felt hat that covers your head entirely in back. Show your bangs, pull your hair forward on your cheeks, and tip your hat jauntily to one side on your head.

As for jewelry, long ropes of beads are the thing. Put away your chokers until the next time they come back in fashion, and begin to collect ropes—pearls, pearls with clear colored glass, chains of gold or silver. Let them hang well below your waist, and watch them fly out when you start to dance!

The only other '30's touch you could possibly add is one that's invisible—an *under* chemise that's the newest lingerie going! The chemise you buy in the undies department is a combination of a slip top plus panties. In fact, it used to be called a "combination" when it wasn't being called a "chemise" or, for short, "shimmy." It usually has lots of lace on the fitted bodice, and lots more around the pantie legs, which hang straight instead of hugging the leg. Watch also for chemise slips and chemise nighties, in the new hot colors like bittersweet, tangerine, pumpkin. Some have little mad belts just where you sit.

And there you are, the 1938 version of the "It" girl—unless you'd also like to learn the Charleston. **END**





Coast-to-Coast Marriage

*Patti's TV show is in N.Y., her husband works in Hollywood; but the traveling is worth it—
just look at the light in her eyes*

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

THE FIRST question any woman normally asks when she meets Patti Page is, "Where did you get that beautiful figure?" If the woman happens to be on a diet there is the slightest trace of malice and envy in her voice.

"I lost 12 pounds," Patti answers in a tone that indicates she is tired of the question. The figure is there—slim, svelte and glamorous; you can see it every Wednesday night draped in stunning gowns on "The Big Record" (8 p.m.; CBS-TV). The rest is history—past history.

If you thumb through the old stories about Patti Page, you notice quite a contrast between her personal and professional life, and between Patti then and now. Ever since 1950, when she made her first appearance on Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town," her professional life has been more than secure; it's been sensational. But until she met Charlie O'Curran in 1954 her personal life was nothing to write home about.

"Patti's idea of recreation," wrote a columnist back then, "is to sit home nights and clean out the closets." Occasionally, it's still her idea of recreation, but there's a difference. Back then, to put it bluntly, Patti was described as fat, self-conscious and lonely. She even was said to suffer from claustrophobia and wouldn't travel anywhere without the moral support and presence of her publicity woman. Loneliness is not a rare affliction and it isn't restricted to career women. Patti had married early and had been divorced. Not only did it hurt, but it didn't fit in at all with the kind of life she'd been brought up to expect. She certainly hadn't expected to be a star. Now it looked as if being a "star" was all she was.

Patti was born Clara Ann Fowler in Oklahoma; she was next to the youngest in a family of 11 children.

"Clara Ann!" says her husband of a year, Charlie O'Curran. "The first time I heard your mother call you that I nearly fell off my chair."

"Hmph," says Patti. "The first time you saw me you called

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HER own TV show, "The Big Record," is a dream come true for Patti, especially with guest stars like the great Benny Goodman.

PATTI PAGE

continued

me Fat." And she pouted just a little.

"Not fat—Pat," he says. "It's really a pet name."

The record says he called her, "Too fat," and went on to demolish her completely with, "Of course, I can teach you how to do this dance (he'd been asked to stage a spectacular for her), I can even teach a cow to dance. Unfortunately, the cow will still look like a cow dancing."

Patti knew right then that she detested him, that he was cruel, sadistic, and mean. The very next day she started on a strict diet. . . .

Back when she was Clara Ann she sang in a church choir in Tulsa. She didn't plan on becoming a professional singer, her upbringing was alien to it.

MY mother's very strict, very religious," Patti says. "You know—the no drinking, no smoking, no dancing kind. When she found out I was smoking she gave me this cold look. 'Well, I guess you're drinking, too!' she said, as if the world had come to an end. The fact is, I don't drink at all."

Clara Ann was interested in art, in getting married and in having five children. She went so far as to win a national art award from Scholastic magazine, and an art degree from Tulsa University. She's still interested in having five kids, "but right now I'll settle for one," she says.

She got a job in the art department of a Tulsa radio station and she painted a lot at home. She used ordinary house paint on canvas, but the results were so good that Charlie got one of the pictures from her mother and hung it above a couch in their apartment. He is now staging a vigorous campaign to return her to oils. "This is not a case of taking up a hobby," he says. "Pat can become more than a Sunday painter. She's really good. . . . I'm sure she'll get a great achievement out of this art."

The achievement she got out of her job in the radio station was to be called on one afternoon to replace a regular vocalist who couldn't make it to the program. It was a 15-minute musical program sponsored by the Page Milk Company. That's where the name Patti Page originated from.

Jack Rael, manager of a small traveling band (now her manager), heard her on the air and persuaded her to come on the road. For two years they toured everywhere, but nothing happened. Late in 1947, Patti recorded a duet with herself called "Confess," and it was a smash hit. Since then, she has come into possession of nine gold records (a gold record means you've sold over the million mark) placing her among the most successful popular singers around.

"But my voice has gone down two or three tones," she says. "Because of all the talking I do on 'The Big Record.' I'm used to singing, not talking. I have to get

up at eight o'clock five days a week. We start rehearsing at ten and keep at it until nine at night. And every week there's a benefit in New York."

This gargantuan effort leaves no visible scar on her. She still looks slim, svelte and glamorous. Her blonde hair is always well-groomed and her big blue eyes look relaxed behind the horn-rimmed glasses she wears off-stage.

"There's always time for the things we want to do," she says, "and for the people we want to be with."

There was even time for her and Charlie (who is a busy dance director for Hal Wallis in Hollywood) to spend six weeks in Europe last summer.

"It rained every day in every country," Patti recalls. "We came back two weeks early and went to Palm Springs. Everybody who goes to Europe should come back two weeks early. We couldn't wait to get back—we flew."



PATTI seems wary of Gale Storm's idea in this bit from a "Big Record" TV show.

"It was so hot in Palm Springs (118 degrees) that nobody was there and I got plenty of rest. It was a good thing, too, because my show is a terrific grind, even though I love it."

"Those six weeks were the first time that Charlie and I were together 24 hours a day since our marriage, and if we survived that I think we can survive absolutely anything."

"Charlie's crazy about photography. He took pictures constantly, despite the rain. I remember one afternoon we went into the Louvre and Charlie had his camera under his coat. He said, 'Stand by the Venus de Milo,' and I did, but I felt like an idiot."

"Besides, I'm the one who's always looking for cops. Not Charlie. He's the kind of person who'll go right ahead and do what he wants and wait for someone to come over and tell him it's against the law. There I was nervous and trembling. It turned out that for a 50¢ fee anyone

can take pictures in the famous museum.

"We wanted to go everywhere, but what we did was sit in the lobbies of hotels waiting for it to stop raining. I wanted to buy paintings, and a friend said we could pick up a Picasso pretty reasonably in a little village near Cannes. I was afraid to go because it would jinx the weather. I didn't buy anything."

"But we kept traveling. I remember the food in England—it was awful. And on our way back through Paris a miracle happened. The sun came out. We hired a driver to take us to all the places we'd been to in the rain so that Charlie could take pictures all over again in the sun!"

"The funny thing about him is that he hates to pose for pictures. If the publicity department wants to come up and photograph our home, that's okay, but Charlie won't be around for it."

"We have a seven-room apartment in New York that looks like nothing now (that's what *she* says, everybody else says it's beautiful). The kitchen is the only room that's full. There's something missing in every other room."

"We have French Provincial furniture—country style. It's in light colors—blue, red, olive. The carpeting is bluish-purple. We had it dyed so it's no standard color. People think it's purple. But it isn't. It just *looks* purple."

"Then there's a small terrace. A step in the living room leads up to it. You know, I always wanted a duplex apartment, so Charlie suggested we extend the step along the whole wall. Now I'm fond of saying, 'I'll have coffee upstairs.'"

THE O'Currans have an apartment in Hollywood, too, and hope to build a house in Palm Springs. Patti loves New York, but she thinks that wide open spaces are better for children. Their house will have lots of picture windows, and at least one room-length sliding glass door overlooking a patio and swimming pool. They'll start with seven rooms and a "view to future expansion."

"Why do you know, there are 45 people in my immediate family," Patti says, explaining her taste for real domesticity. "I have 25 nieces and nephews. When grandmother died it was the first time that all my ten brothers and sisters and I were together in 20 years."

"None of them are in show business. One of my sisters wanted to be a singer, but she was the only one. Now she's married and has three kids. They tried to turn my kid sister into a singer, but she never wanted to be one. Now she's married to a minister who disapproves of show business anyway."

In the interests of homemaking, Patti enrolled at cooking school last year, but she had to quit "because it turned out to be a mad thing with a music production meeting right after it. The school is run by Dione Lucas who is very well known for her culinary artistry," Patti went on. "One night I tried out a fancy veal recipe

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Hollywood Love Life

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COMPROMISE—John Smith and June Blair, after a couple months of going steady, have decided they shouldn't consider marriage yet and agreed to date other people, too. So John had two dates with Barbara Nichols. One, they went to see a preview of his "Handle With Care," two, to see her in "Pal Joey." John and June admit they still prefer to be with June and John.

TROPICAL TROUBLES—Cynthia Robertson went all the way to Panama to visit her Cliff on location for "The Naked And The Dead," arrived to find him a malaria victim, stayed to help nurse him back to health. . . . Aldo Ray, same location, bought a marmoset to bring home as a pet, then learned there are quarantine restrictions on these monkeys.

YOUNG LOVE—Gary Lewis, Jerry's 12-year-old son, made his film debut in a featured spot with his dad—they even do a song together—in "Rock-a-bye Baby." Gary also did a scene with blonde and dimpled Judy Franklin, age nine, who flipped over him. But Gary flipped for his dad's co-star, Connie Stevens, wrote her mash notes and invited her to lunch! Pouted Judy to Connie: "Can't you pick on someone your own age?" She needn't worry. Connie admits that although she's had dates with Tommy Sands and likes him she still "prefers older men."

THE ANSWER—We asked Carol Ohmart what she learned while being a housewife during her year's absence from the screen. "I learned to cook and that beds don't make themselves," said she. After she finished "Born Reckless," she and her husband, Wayde Preston, star of TV's "Colt .45" series, took a vacation touring Utah and Wyoming. Wayde was born in Wyoming. Carol is from Utah.

RELUCTANT—On the set of "Indiscreet" a news photographer asked Cary Grant to kiss Ingrid Bergman for a still pic. "I do that only when I'm paid," he replied. What? Well, maybe it was because that was in London. Dignity, don't chaknow.

YOUNG LOVE—Judi Meredith, so cute in "Summer Love," has an engagement ring from Wendell Niles Jr., but their wedding's a year away. He's gone to New York to work in an ad agency, she'll stay here for films. "After that long separation, we'll be sure," says Judi.

HORSES, HOUSES—Now that Tab Hunter has three horses, he's looking for a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley where he can stable them instead of boarding them, a very expensive item. . . . Venetia Stevenson, who bought one of

Tab's horses a while back, just bought herself a house with a barn in Northridge where she can keep the horse. Chums say one reason her romance with Barry Coe cooled was because she's so mad about horses and riding; he doesn't like. So what happens? He's now spending two months in the saddle, riding in a Western, "The Bravados."

NEWLYWEDS—Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner moved into his bachelor apartment, a handsome duplex, when they returned from their honeymoon. Bob had had it furnished with custom-made pieces but Natalie decided it was all "too masculine" and started redecorating in Chinese Modern style. . . . That Debra Paget-Dave Street merger really surprised the know-it-alls. But their wedding was as quiet and dignified as Jayne Mansfield had said she wanted hers to be. . . . Dick Zanuck announced—yes, he did, not she—that bride Lili Gentle is giving up her film career for marriage. But she'll still go to school!

ROUGH START—Jeff and Dusty Hunter really have had a rough few months. Just after their honeymoon Jeff was stricken with hepatitis, the same virulent disease that knocked Cary Grant and Phyllis Hudson for loops. After Jeff was released from the hospital, he was put on a very strict diet. Bride Dusty had developed a bad case of arthritis. Just as a matter of convenience, to avoid double cooking. Dusty went on the same diet. It helped both of them!

BABY TALK—Jim "Maverick" Garner, whose film career gets a real boost with "Darby's Rangers," persuaded his wife to name their new daughter Greta, after you-know-who. . . . Paul Brinkman's real happy with his fifth child, Lisabette, looks like mom Jeanne Crain. The other four resemble him, but they're all handsome kids. . . . The Bob Stacks are building a new house while awaiting their second baby. . . . Ann Blyth and her Doctor Jim McNulty have named their third baby Kathleen Mary. . . . Diana Lynn and Morty Hall expect their little Yankee Doodle Dandy on the Fourth of July.

TOGETHERNESS—Audrey Hepburn's Rome arrival for the start of "The Nun's Story" drew the largest turnout of photogs and newsmen—about 150—for a film celebrity within the memory of the Italian press. But Audrey wished one other man, husband Mel Ferrer, had been there. He's busy in Hollywood preparing "Green Mansions" in which he'll direct his star-wife. . . . Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons plan a long, leisurely reunion-vacation on their ranch near Nogales after she returns from making "Home Before Dark" in Boston and he



IT WAS a Las Vegas wedding for Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, now abroad.

from India where he's been starring in "Harry Black"—a real separation, that. . . . Bette Davis and Gary Merrill have reconciled.

DEDICATED—No doubt about the sincerity of Don Murray and wife Hope Lange in his work for displaced persons in Europe. They turned over their checks for their joint TV drama appearance to the fund—about \$20,000. And their house is only sparsely furnished and they drive a '49 Dodge! Also, Don's fan club is dedicated to raising funds for the project, named themselves "The Helpers."

DATA ON DATES—Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman still sing "I Only Have Eyes For You," but they have no marriage plans. . . . Leslie Nielsen has added a pearl necklace and bracelet to the pearl ring he gave Sandy Ulman but there's still no official engagement. . . . Al Hedison dates lotsa gals but his favorite is Jo Morrow, newly signed 20th starlet. Al and Bob Evans both are campaigning for the Ty Power role in the upcoming remake of "Blood And Sand." . . . Will "Sugarfoot" Hutchins and Marion McKnight, a former Miss America, have written "The End" to their romance. . . . David Nelson and Diane Jergens have been dating but not too seriously. . . . Gia Scala has been dividing her date-time between Keith Larsen and Don Burnett. Irony: the handsome lads co-star in "Northwest Passage," new TV series. . . . Hollywood bachelor girls are happy to have Curt Jurgens back in town for "Me And The Colonel," but his heart belongs to a French gal.

THE END—Dana Wynter and her lawyer husband Greg Bautzer believe in really keeping their careers separate. She's never heard him in court and he's never seen her on the screen. That's what they swear!

Bachelor Tycoon

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most was a reference to his having spoken of a woman as a "dame," although he acknowledged that an air of mutual antagonism ran through the whole article. "I never use 'dame,'" he said worriedly. "The writer knew that. But when I asked him about it, he said it gave me zip, whatever that meant. I don't think so. And naturally I noticed the antagonistic strain, and to this day I can't account for it. The writer and I got on great."

He was truly worried. There are O'Brian fan clubs, multifarious O'Brian financial adventures, O'Brian personal appearances, circuses, rodeos (at a recent one, he contends, he shook 6,000 hands at an estimated 1.7 seconds a hand, "and don't think those people aren't going to be watching 'Wyatt Earp'"), and just plain O'Brian addicts, and not one of these, he felt, is going to like Wyatt Earp talking about a "dame."

But it did bring up dames and why O'Brian, topping 30 by a bit, never wed.

"I'm sorry to give you such a dishrag answer," he said, "but it's the inevitable one. I never met a girl I wanted to marry. Or if I have, then the subject is too personal for this. But I'll meet one. Then I'll stop loving *Girls* and love *A Girl*, and that'll be that. Now I date a lot, here and there, and life is wonderful."

Apparently life is. Bachelor O'Brian lives in a split-level apartment—he gave up his Malibu house when his beloved collie was killed by a car ("It was mostly for her anyway")—near Hollywood, and lives handsomely and energetically and with a devotion to the buck that beggars the imagination. He may be compensating a trifle. Asked over coffee how he happened to bag the Earp role, he said unexpectedly: "Because I came cheap." He didn't say it very happily. In a moment he had recovered and back-tracked, but the words were out.

Entrepreneur O'Brian was this day toying with still another project. In its way, it was fascinating. Noting that airline pilots had pretty long layovers between flights, he was contemplating some method of getting them into interim work, possibly on a door-to-door basis, with Marshal Earp packaging the deal. O'Brian's mind is not an idle one.

Roughly an hour and three-quarters after he had entered the restaurant, O'Brian departed. Erect and trim, his shock of glossy black hair worn rather low on his forehead, he reengaged the revolving door and walked a few steps to his convertible, a Pontiac badly in need of a bath. Although his parking meter had been expired for 45 minutes, he had no ticket. Perhaps the officer had checked his registration and felt a constabulary kinship. Or maybe this is the year O'Brian can't do anything wrong.

From the convertible he plucked a record album (his) and a brochure deal-

ing with Hugh O'Brian and Wyatt Earp, but mostly Hugh O'Brian. Tendering it to the writer, he said rather wistfully and quite seriously, "If you know anyone who wants a book like this worked up, send 'em around. We're in that business, too."

At a leisurely reading afterward, the brochure proved quite remarkable.

Its first page, for example, over the signature of O'Brian and with the greeting, "Hi Folks!", begins thus: "It isn't every day that an actor gets the opportunity to thank you—the people who have made *this all* possible."

"You and you alone are responsible for the success our television show has enjoyed and is enjoying."

Page 4 points to the resemblance between Earp, sketched, and O'Brian, photographed, the caption urging that you notice it. O'Brian is seen as a clean-shaven juvenile, Earp as a haggard, aging, rather homely man with a large and scraggly moustache. Apart from this, the resemblance is striking.

Thereafter there is a sequence layout of O'Brian drawing and firing a pistol in practically no time at all, and then Mr. O'B.'s life story. It sells for 50 cents.

Hugh was born in Rochester, N.Y. over 30 years ago—accounts of the precise year have been disparate—and educated variously at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill., Kemper Military School in Missouri and the University of Cincinnati. He had half a year to go at the university when he enlisted in the regular Marines for a four-year hitch, becoming, at 18, the youngest drill instructor in the Corps' history. In 1945, he was awarded a fleet appointment to Annapolis but decided against it, finished his hitch, and went to California with the family. California and O'Brian took to each other right away. So did O'Brian and acting, and, by and by, he cancelled plans to enter Yale and began appearing with Little Theatre groups. Nighttimes he did that; daytimes he sold apparel to agents along Sunset Strip and urged that



HUGH dates a lot but the girl he sees most frequently is Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's "ex."

they come see him act. Some did, and one especially, and that helped things. He likewise did some early television, and was already showing signs of the business acumen that had begun when he successfully sold newspapers for 25 cents a clip in Lancaster, Pa. He might have done better, but he was only five.

An agent named Milo Frank aided his career as did Ida Lupino, as did a succession of legitimate appearances with skilled older players, plus a three-year film hitch with Universal-International.

When he left there to freelance, he had no qualms that his first assignment was in a picture bearing the ominous title "Broken Lance," and then he did a few more, attracting the eye of Loretta Young for television.

Wyatt Earp, however, was not the end of a linked progression. It just happened. The show's framers looked at him, listened to him, liked him and cast him—and with rare excellence.

All this and more is contained in the Hugh O'Brian brochure, including in total 45 pictures of its subject, the final one (back cover) featuring a pistol called the Buntline Special. Harmless models of this either are or shortly will be for sale. Ten per cent of each purchase, O'Brian has told an interviewer, goes to O'Brian. The life of Wyatt Earp has scarcely been in vain. **END**

Natalie and Bob Answer Their Fans

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Why don't you cats co-star in a musical? P.S. We just got married, too.

Helen and Harvey B.
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Helen and Harvey:

We are truly in love and we'd love to make a musical, or any picture together. (Twentieth Century-Fox and Warners please note!) Congratulations right back.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Natalie:

I have nothing against Robert Wagner

personally, but he is an actor and aren't all actors too self-engrossed? Wouldn't it be better to be married to a solid business man who will let you have the glory and not try to share the spotlight? Of course, it's a little late to say these things, so I'll sign off with—a very happy marriage to both of you.

Marcella N.

Albany, Oregon

Dear Marcella:

All actors aren't too self-engrossed. I married one who isn't. We believe in

sharing—period. Kindest regards to you.
Natalie

Dear Robert Wagner:

May an "old married woman" give you some advice? You and Natalie are such an ideal couple and I'm sure will be very happy if you run the roost. According to some of Natalie's publicity, she is headstrong and has been spoiled. A husband must be the boss and if Natalie is as wise as she looks, she'll settle down and lean on you. I'm glad to read that she's not possessive as possessiveness is fatal in any marriage. My best wishes always.

Mary N.
Quebec, Canada

Dear Mary:

Don't believe all Hollywood publicity. Sometimes some of it is grossly exaggerated. Natalie and I intend to lean on each other always.

Bob

Dear Miss Natalie:

It's just one month since I left Norway to make my home in your wonderful country. My dream was to come to Hollywood and meet you. Now it is too late and I wouldn't mind so much if you had married poor Jimmy Dean. But Bob Wagner! He's so handsome he must be very conceited. For your sake, I wish you both happiness.

Lars S.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Lars:

Jimmy Dean was a very dear friend. I too think my husband is very handsome and I've never met anyone with less conceit. He joins me in thanking you for wishing us well.

Natalie

Dear Nat:

What a smart girl you are to select a husband who has sowed his wild oats. I've met Bob socially "way back" and he always had so many girl friends. He'll make a fine husband because he knows you have everything and more than all the others put together. I have followed your career with great interest and if I had a choice I'd live my life just the way you're living yours. Thank you for never disappointing me and much happiness and success to you and Bob.

Jane D.
Hollywood, California

Dear Jane:

How nice to hear from you and learn how you feel about us. Please know we do appreciate it.

Natalie

Dear R. J.

I'm sure you won't remember me, but we were in the same classes at Santa Monica High. I've been married five

years and never miss taking my wife and kids to see your pictures. Small world, isn't it? When I read you had married Natalie Wood I said to Dorothy (my wife), "I hope they'll always be as happy as we are." You were such a good sport in school and everyone liked you. Natalie must be a wonderful girl and it couldn't happen to two nicer people. Hope to see you around. Your old friend.

Russell T.
Santa Monica, California

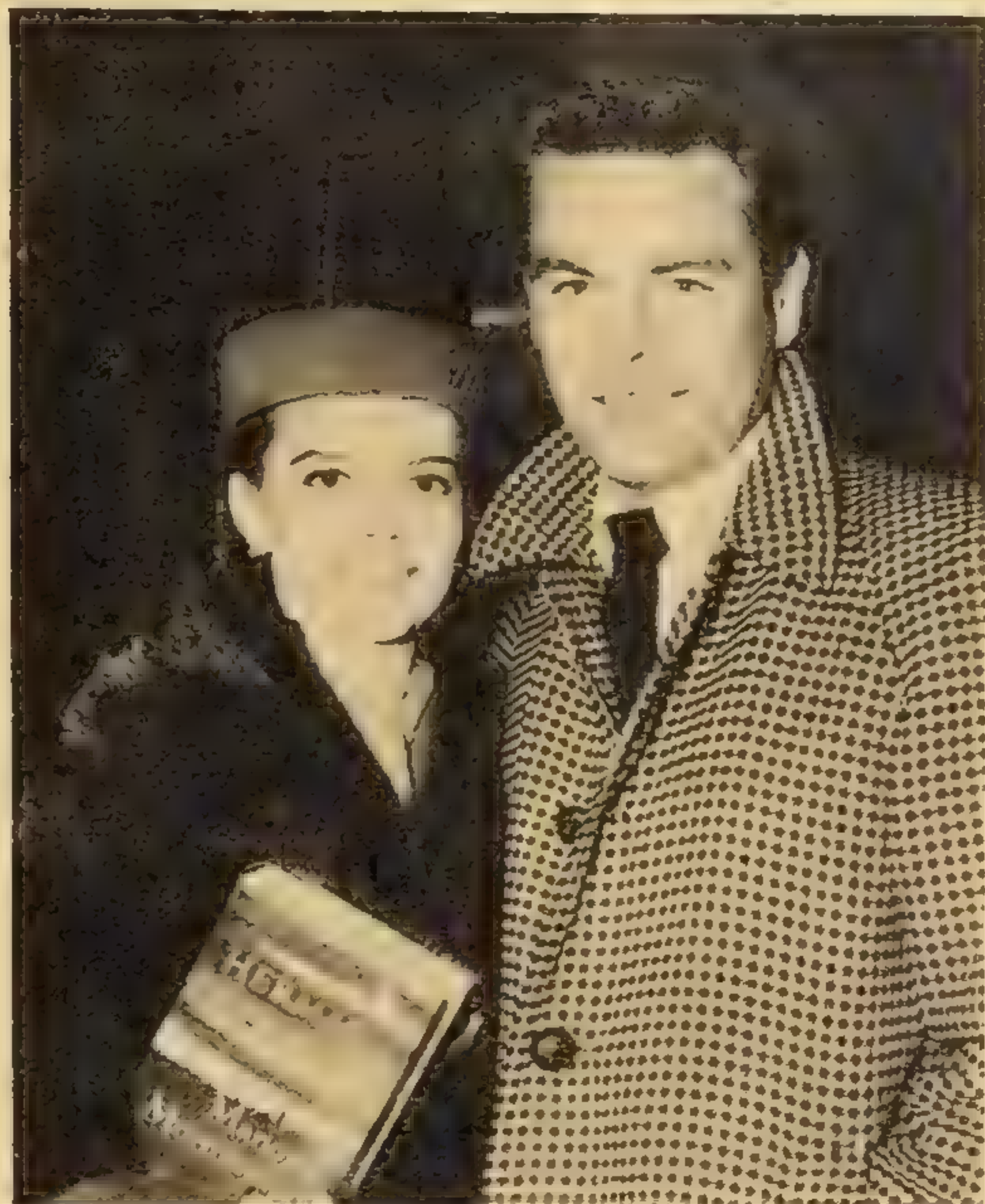
Dear Russ:

Of course, I remember you and I'm very happy that your life is working out so well. Many thanks for remembering me. Your old friend,

R. J.

Dear Natalie:

I'm glad to say my very first fan letter is to you. I approve of your marriage to Bob Wagner and I'm praying that you'll



HONEYMOON over, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner are home and ready to work.

have the happiness I couldn't give you. I fell in love with you back in 1950 in "No Sad Songs For Me." Some title! Please send me a picture showing you kissing Bob and I'll pretend it's me. All the best.

Leonard K.
Wadley, Georgia

Dear Leonard:

I sure approve of my marriage too. Sorry I can't send the picture you requested, but hope a regular autographed photograph will make up for it. Many thanks.

Natalie

Dear R. J.

I'm sure glad that you and Natalie didn't allow anyone to talk you out of getting married. Natalie is so pretty and sensible and you are so handsome and solid. Together you are just—"Wow Charlie!" So please don't ever allow any

Hollywood gossip to come between you.
Julie Ann K.
Rising Sun, Indiana

Dear Julie Ann:

I'm so glad I'm married to Natalie too. I appreciate your warning, but we both believe that gossip is only important if you give it importance. Thanks for your kind words.

Bob

Dear Mr. and Mrs. W:

I can hardly wait to see your wedding pictures in the movie magazines. Why didn't you get married on television, so that those who love you could have come to your wedding? Please, please stay as nice as you are and don't ever let happen to you what happened to Rock and Phyllis and Venetia and Russ. Your loyal admirer.

Joshua C.
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Joshua:

Because our marriage is sacred, we tried to play it down as much as possible. Your sentiments are most appreciated by both of us.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Newlyweds:

You have proved that if two people were meant for each other, nothing anyone can say or do will change it. Hooray! Now that you're married, you can show everyone all that stuff about two careers in one family is just a lot of baloney. Both of you are doing the same kind of work, so you have much more in common than most husbands and wives who bore each other. Long may you live. Your fan and friend.

Peggy H.
North Auckland, New Zealand

Dear Peggy:

We couldn't agree with you more. We really love the business we're in and hope to be able to stay in it forever. Kindest regards.

Natalie and Bob

Dear Sir Robert:

Frankly, I'm disappointed in your choice of the opposite sex. You are a good family boy and Natalie Wood is a high falutin' career girl. If you had to marry an actress, why didn't you pick out someone like Ann Blyth. Or someone like me. I may not be a sexy Hollywood beauty, but my teeth are my own, I don't have to wear a girdle and I'm nearly 40. Let's see any movie star top that! Good luck—you'll probably need it.

Mary Margaret T.
Prairie Village, Kansas

Dear Mary Margaret:

I think I'm very lucky indeed and I hope you'll be as happy as I am. Sincerely yours,

Robert Wagner

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 6

it just might. Marlon is so unpredictable.

Brigitte Bardot won't make a picture in Hollywood because she is now receiving 25% of every dollar taken in at the box-office. Her share from "And God Created Woman"—\$500,000. In addition to which the blonde sex kitten is in love with actor Jean-Louis Trintignant and aims to marry him just as soon as his divorce is final. . . . As of going to press, Tab Hunter is the boy most likely to succeed Tony Perkins on Broadway in "Look Homeward, Angel." Tab wants to do the play as much as Rock Hudson fought to do "Ben Hur." . . . Mrs. Rock Hudson's friends, by the way, complain she has been pushed around in the financial settlement. And *that*, she does not rate.

From Zsa Zsa Gabor—"I don't believe in money—I only like to spend it." Don't we all? . . . Don't ask Lana Turner and Glynis Johns to the same party with Britisher Sean Connery. Both ladies accuse him of allowing his press agent to plant stories of dates with them. . . . This sounds incredible, but it's true. Cary Grant made one million, four hundred thousand dollars last year. After taxes, he was left with \$150,000. That ain't hay but it isn't nearly a million and a half, either.

Kirk Douglas was lunching in a popular restaurant when an excited woman dragged her husband over and shrieked, "Look, it's him," Kirk drew himself up to his full height and reproved, "Lady, it's not it's him, it's he." . . . But this isn't as funny as when the present Mrs. Douglas married Kirk, and, in her charming French accent, intoned, "I, Anne, take thee, Kirk, to be my awful wedded husband."

The longest engagement—Ava Gardner's with Walter Chiari. Ava has changed her mind about selling her beautiful home near Madrid.

Love starts early in the Lana Turner family. Fourteen-year-old daughter Cheryl has already received a ring from a young gentleman who wants to go steady with the brunette beauty. . . . Gina Lollobrigida is insisting on spiritual-looking lovers for her movie opposites. . . . If Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall are not married by the time you read this, you can wash this item out of your hair. I never did believe this was a romance. A friend of Sinatra's told me recently that Frankie boy said of Bacall, "She'll make a great wife—for somebody, but not me. I just don't want to marry another actress."

Elvis Presley earned five million dollars last year. His income shrinks considerably during 1958. But the Pelvis won't be starving on his GI salary. War or peace, he gets \$1,000 a week from RCA-Victor Records. . . . Whatever happened to Mike Todd's plan to film "Don

Quixote" in Spain, with wife Elizabeth Taylor? . . . And what caused the coolness between Mikes, junior and senior?

James Garner's the most popular of the new stars. He never complains, never refuses an interview or a still sitting. James is 30 next birthday, which still makes him one of the youngest of the big stars. His next picture will be "Footprints," for William Wellman—when he can get some time off from "Maverick." . . . And Raymond Burr—Perry Mason—is determined to see Italy this summer. But he's dreaming. There is no rest from telefilming. . . . The big question—which blonde and which place—for Bob Hope's annual Christmas jaunt next December to the GI's. It seems like Bob has just about covered everything.

No Hollywood trip in sight for Marilyn Monroe. If and when she makes "The Blue Angel," for 20th Century-Fox, it will be shot abroad. I can see I'll have to go traveling again. . . . David Nelson came into a \$250,000 trust fund when he reached 21. . . . It will be even more for brother Ricky.

Kim Novak assures me she still hears from Mario Bandini via phone from Rome. But she seems to be back with first beau Mac Krim, an old faithful if ever I saw one. . . . Both David Niven and Otto Preminger go to great pains to tell you that they are not feuding at all and never have. Methinks they do protest too much. . . . Victor Mature is buying a home in London. So is Judy Garland. With jets on the way for commercial flying, it will only be a hop and a skip to Hollywood, Paris and London. Which is why most studios are selling their back lots. It's simpler to do outdoor stuff on location.

It's like the old days to see Shirley Temple in Hollywood—two days every month. "It's where I came in," Shirley,

who hits 30 next birthday, told me. "I'm filming next door to Rin Tin Tin. I worked with Rinny's ancestor when I started at the age of 3." . . . The John Waynes should be moving back into the house in Encino, within a few weeks. Lucky for them all that Pilar's dachshund slept in the same room with the baby and her. Awakening two minutes later during the fire, would have been too late.

It was Alan Ladd who acted as cupid for daughter Carol Lee's second marriage. He introduced her to the guy who works for his company. . . . They keep linking Gene Kelly with this and that lady, but it's my hunch he prefers to be single and aims to stay unhitched. . . . Jack Benny decided he would be too busy for "Father Of The Bride" on Broadway. But Mr. Benny, in his earlyish sixties, still has more energy than actors half his age.

Robert Mitchum's 16-year-old son, Jim, has decided to make acting a full time career—when he finishes his schooling, that is. Ditto for Jerry Lewis' Gary. They'll find it tough going. Everyone expects them to be as good as their dads are now, and that took years and years. . . . Donald O'Connor dipped into his pocket and came out with \$5,000 for that Jayne Mansfield dress he wears during his night club impersonation. The blonde wig set him back \$300. . . . I hope it isn't true that jolly Jackie Gleason has left us permanently for London. If this moving keeps up, who will be left in New York or Hollywood?

Hollywood's happiest couple—Clark Gable and Kay who seems to be in better health. . . . I don't see Jennifer Jones as Nicole in "Tender Is The Night," but that's what she aims to do. Jennifer should lose that habit of frowning when concentrating on the screen. Mars her good looks.

Joan Crawford's gimmick of choosing captains to choose table mates at her parties, is not catching on. It's embarrassing for those who are among the

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AT a filmland party, Groucho Marx takes Audrey Hepburn for a whirl on dance floor.



COLUMNIST Sidney Skolsky makes notes during chat with Mamie Van Doren at party.

The Importance Of Being Shy

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accomplishments is certainly as adequate as you could hope to get in a lifetime. Yet, for all the good it's done him, certain sacrifices had to be made.

There's never any time to relax, to be alone. With all the demands on him, he's gotten to be concerned whether there's a point to the many requests for his time. His friends, perhaps more than Tony is, always worry that he's overdoing things. The privacy which he needs desperately is always being invaded. Yet, he's obliging. On the Person-to-Person show no one could have been more cooperative. Under the hot lights, he perspired in one of his sweaters—they have become almost a trademark by now—and threw open the door of his moderately-sized bachelor apartment to a nation of fascinated fans. It was a toss-up who was unhappiest over the 30 or so technicians scuttling around the place: Perkins, Punky, or Banjo, the exotic Siamese cat.

The apartment which he'd had since he attended Columbia University is the typical male refuge and one some female would simply *adore* doing over with the same charitable abandon of a case-worker turning an unkempt but comfortable urchin into a neat conformer.

Tony will go along with quite a lot of things, but he doesn't take kindly to meddling in his personal life. "Why should anyone tell me what to do?" he demanded with an uncompromising look. "I'm an adult, have a mind of my own and like to make it up myself. So far, I've tried to lead my life so I'd always be in a position where I can always be my own boss. I'm not under an exclusive contract, but if I were, I think I'd take a suspension rather than do something I felt was wrong for me."

There was a time, according to him, not so very long ago, either—maybe ten years—when he didn't have as much control over his destiny, you somehow never do in your teens. On dates, he was always afraid something would go wrong. And he was usually right.

"Boys are left more or less alone to figure out their own way. Perhaps it's because parents feel a boy would reject assistance more than a girl." Whenever Tony paused to collect his thoughts, which he did often, you could hear him munching away on celery. Non-smoker Tony was a chain-eater that day.

"When you're shy—I hate that word—it's rough enough but when someone tries to get you out of it without investigating the real problem behind the inwardness, it gets to be a mess and the good intentions backfire. Oh, you know what I mean, things like 'why don't you get out more like the other young people? I don't understand you at all. Why do you act this way?' None of that does

any good, except to make you aware of your inadequacies again."

Then he told of his first meeting with Sophia Loren and John Wayne. "When I met them on the set of 'Legend Of The Lost,' they both were something of legends themselves. So, instead of going over and talking to them, I sort of stayed in the corner, hiding behind a pillar and watching. I was afraid some studio cop would see me and throw me out.

"Sophia Loren! Now, there's a good example of overcoming shyness!" Tony appeared to be as satisfied as differentiating between a minor ninth and a major seventh on the piano. (A music student, besides an amateur painter, he says he finds the mathematics of jazz harmony totally enveloping.) "Probably when she was growing up in Naples, her experiences were the sort that might have made her more quiet and introspective than usual. But with recognition, publicity and the fortune she's achieved, she's much more self-confident and interesting. She's an exceptional person," he admired, "outgoing, intelligent, warm and sexy."

LISTENING to Tony you begin to feel so what's to suffer with this introvert bit? This is trouble when you can turn out like a Sophia or Perkins? Even Tony had to admit that it has certain advantages.

"Even though no one exactly enjoys being shy—there's that word again—as a result of it, you could become a little more self-sufficient than you would have being a nice, healthy extrovert. I got to read a lot more than most of the other kids at school, and I still like reading. I'm not one of those people who think the only way to live life is to live it, not read about it." A good student, Tony was 12 points away from graduating from Columbia when he went to work for MGM in "The Actress" for \$350 a week.

"Honestly, I always think people who hold back something of themselves are rather interesting, don't you? The outgoing and well-balanced ones make you feel they can take care of themselves. It's not very much of a challenge."

Since the advantages were beginning to far outweigh the disadvantages, it began to look as though anyone would be a knucklehead not to act shy even though he normally wasn't. A cunning device not altogether unheard of in artistic circles.

"Oh, I guess some put it on for the sake of being interesting or mysterious." From Tony's expression, he obviously thought of *them* in the same way Rembrandt would have thought of these package paintings where you match the color to the number. "That sort of thing can be awfully boring and should, I think,



RECALLING his shyness, Tony says with a broad grin, "We all outgrow it in time."

make a person feel extremely dishonest."

In line with a personality that doesn't seem especially sparked by any overwhelming drive, he admits he devotes little effort to forming strong opinions on anything and very often can be swayed by a stronger opinion imposing itself on his own.

Tony shifted his 160 pounds in the chair and hooked an arm over the back. "And I certainly wouldn't say I have a great deal of determination. I don't go out after things as I should, but when I'm given an opportunity, I like to make the most of it." Like the time he portrayed a baseball player in various stages of a nervous breakdown in "Fear Strikes Out." He was so realistic, he spent two weeks in a hospital recovering from nervous exhaustion. "I prefer to let things come to me instead of going after them. These records I've been doing, it wasn't me who got things rolling, someone heard me sing in 'Joey,' a television play. . . ."

A rival record company executive had an interesting comment on Tony the singer. "His voice isn't big, but he has a lot more music sense than any of these other Hollywood actors who've suddenly blossomed out as singers."

Problems he's got, and problems he's had, and the ones dating back to years ago are now remembered with kindly tolerance like an irresponsible, charming friend who had suddenly disappeared with your best suit and ran up bills in your name. You should hate the bum, but you can't bring yourself around to doing it.

"Youth is a trying time when you're going through it," he remembered, "but now, it seems like a happy time. I think those formative years are the most exciting. You probably think more at that age. Then, too, it was simpler for me. Almost everyone you met was on the same level as you. I dated all the time, then, and it was much easier. It's true

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Enduring Young Charmer

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daughters. After Dad passed away, I'd lie on the couch, evenings, in the living room to keep Mother company. I'd see her crying and thought it was over Dad. But later she told me it was because I was so thin. Wasn't that awful? But by that time I'd learned better."

Mrs. Douvan found that, with all things, Sandra must learn by herself—that it doesn't do to keep nagging at her. It didn't take too long for the pretty little model to realize that she was too thin, too lacking in her accustomed energy. So she gave up the starvation diet for a sensible one prescribed by her doctor—broiled meat, cottage cheese, eggs, vegetables and fruit and she keeps her weight at just the right figure. "I'll never forget," Sandra chuckled, "when a group of models and I went to see 'Giant' one Saturday matinee. There wasn't time for lunch, so they came armed with cucumbers and knives (it's a good thing the management didn't frisk them) and as we sat through the showing the crunch, crunch, of cucumbers made me so embarrassed I thought I'd die!"

BUT when Ross Hunter, youthful Hollywood producer, saw the talented young beauty in a TV drama and arranged for her to take a screen test for U-I in Hollywood, Sandy was overjoyed but apprehensive over her lack of drama training. All she'd had were six lessons in lowering her youthfully high voice. The voice coach, amazed at her quick grasp of the problem, stopped the lessons forthwith. Nor did she need modeling instruction to become, in the words of the magazine *The Saturday Evening Post*, "one of America's top ten models."

When U-I's big brass assembled for Sandra's screen test, they acted as if they'd discovered a gold mine right on the lot. And they had, for even before she started "The Wonderful Years" with John Saxon, MGM asked for her to play the youngest sister in "Until They Sail." Critics were quick to commend the sensitive portrayal of the newcomer who had to untie her pigtails and "age" from 12 to 18. "I had to report to make-up every morning at 7 o'clock to be made to look old," Sandra laughed.

For "The Wonderful Years" she played a mixed-up teenager whose emotional turmoil, as she tried to live down a scandal in a small town, almost proved her undoing. And from that, the fragile blonde was rushed into a starring role with June Allyson and Jeff Chandler for "And Ride a Tiger." In this, as June Allyson's sister-in-law, Sandy portrays a youngster whose anxiety to taste grown-up emotions before she's ready for them plunges her into a sea of troubles.

Obviously both MGM and U-I believe that the fledgling star can portray complex emotions on the screen. And MGM 62

believes in her to such an extent that they gave her the plum role opposite John Saxon in "The Reluctant Debutante" matching histrionics with such illustrious names as Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall.

One doesn't need tea leaves to see a dazzling career ahead for this youngster, one reminiscent of Mary Pickford's, who was 15, too, when she first startled moviegoers. Sandra, a dainty, peach-melba type with long taffy-colored, carefully-tended tresses is a very articulate creature, joy of an interviewer's heart. "You can't get a word in," says her mother, who obviously delights in Sandy's high spirits and sheer zest for living.

In her clothes, Sandra doesn't ape the teenage uniform, baggy sweater, shapeless jeans, scuffed saddle shoes. Her slight elfin-like figure is always neatly set off in well-fitting clothes.

This is no ordinary 15-year-old. When she turned 15, she received a champagne-toned mink stole for her birthday. This may give you the impression she is not a typical teenager. And you're so right.

She gave up \$78,000 a year as a top teenage model in New York to accept much less on a movie contract, so great was her desire to become a movie actress. "I figured," she says sagely, "that I could accept less money in pictures because there is so much for me to learn about acting before I'm worth a lot of money."

But Sandra and her mother did splurge on a home in the fashionable Hollywood hills high above the Sunset Strip which they hope, when time permits, to decorate to match the New York apartment, in white antique furniture, blues, orchids and silver, Sandra's favorite colors. There is, of course, a swimming pool, too, but very little time to enjoy it.

Sandra Dee is definitely no average teenager, except possibly in her excite-



RESPECT for punctuality, cooperation and work are things Sandra learned early.

ment over everything in Hollywood; her delight in seeing favorite movies time after time; her avid reading of fan magazines ("She can trace the genealogy of every top-ranking star in Hollywood, New York and Europe.") Her pet dislike is her nickname, "Sandy," even though her mother and studio personnel use it. "It's icky," says Sandra.

BUT dressing up for premieres she adores. At a recent one she stood under the blinding marquee lights being interviewed by a TV commentator. On her head gleamed a rhinestone tiara. On her shoulders nestled a studio-borrowed white fox stole. Her strapless gown of white satin, snug above and bouffant below; her crisp little white gloves; her white beaded evening bag all drew "ahs" and "ohs." Head held high, this remarkable youngster answered questions with more poise than most of Hollywood's adult stars are able to muster for such occasions.

"There goes the most beautiful girl I've seen since Liz Taylor," commented a local columnist. "But Liz never had her assurance at the same age. That modeling background really shows up."

And those who know what lies ahead for a beautiful and talented youngster in Hollywood—what joys and what pain—wondered how Sandra will withstand the adulation and temptations of the town. Will she, while still in her teens, already know the heartbreak of divorce and the wolves who are just waiting for a jaded young beauty?

"I don't think Sandy will go that path at all," remarked a co-worker. "Those years as a model gave her a respect for work, for co-operation, for punctuality. She learns quickly and knows there is no nonsense or dream world in picture-making. Most of all, she has learned self-discipline—truly amazing at her age. I've never worked with a teenager with such self-discipline or such mature judgment. I don't see Sandra Dee in a few years getting mixed up with a wrong crowd or eloping or becoming temperamental. She has such a direct, mature way of talking I have to keep telling myself she's only 15. You must remember that she's had everything in her childhood—culture and wealth and much love from her parents. At 12, a typical evening might be a formal dress ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, dancing with her father, being asked by fashion designer Oleg Cassini to model at a benefit. Guests in her home, all "uncle" and "aunt" to Sandra, included glittering Broadway names. That's where she gets her poise. This, then, is no girl from the wrong side of the tracks clawing her way up. Rather, she's like Grace Kelly—ambitious for the pure joy of becoming a fine actress. Movie-making has become her whole life."

Admittedly, her life thus far as she heads for stardom is unfettered by friends or fun. True, there is the mink

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Why doesn't beauty bring love? Glamorous Kim Novak has almost everything that any young girl could ever want—beauty, popularity, fame and fortune. Why can't this alluring film star find the one thing she really wants—true love? Don't miss this intimate, revealing story about Kim Novak in SILVER SCREEN Magazine. Buy the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine today. At all newsstands!



"My Teenage Problems"

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which real understanding was lacking.

She felt her parents had adequate reason to feel secure in the knowledge that in the small town of Stockton, California, where she grew up, they knew all her friends and their families, and knew that she traveled with a group of wholesome, well behaved children who came from nice homes.

"Sure," Janet agreed, "we had so-called juvenile delinquents at Stockton High. They did all the awful things then that misled kids do now, but I didn't go around with them. They were as distasteful to me as a teenager as they would be today to teenagers who come from good homes. As a teenager, I exercised discrimination, just as teenagers do today. There was a group at school that drank every night and had wild petting parties. I didn't do what that group did to be part of the gang, because I didn't want to be part of that gang. I hope to give Kelly enough security, and I'm sure she'll have enough common sense so that when she's in her teens I'll be able to trust her choice of the group with which she associates. If she shows good judgment that way, there's no reason why I should question her judgment in things like going car riding with a boy."

If Janet's flouting of the car riding ban offered a clue to potential danger, it either was ignored or not properly assessed. As a teenager, she did not find it sufficient to be loved. She needed to be understood as well—and more than anything else she sought understanding of her need to belong, to be permitted the same freedoms as others in her social group. This was the background of a breakdown in communication that was to erupt in her elopement at the age of 15, and to provide the supreme crisis in the relationship of a teenage girl with parents whose deep and boundless love she never questioned.

The stage was set with the family upheaval that ensued when Janet's paternal grandfather died, leaving her blinded grandmother, Kate Morrison, alone in the world. Janet's dad promptly quit his job in Stockton and moved to Merced so the family could be near the bereaved Grandmother Morrison, who had been sightless for 50 years. Suddenly, albeit for fine and humane reasons, Janet at the age of 14—mature though she may have been for her years—found herself uprooted from her environment, separated from all the friends and activities that had constituted her life.

"They obviously couldn't have asked Grandma to come to Stockton, and give up the home where she had lived 50 years," Janet did not want for understanding of her parents' dilemma. "It would have killed her. They had their problems when we moved to Merced, and

it was the one time in our lives that we were not as close as we usually were. They were so busy taking care of Grandmother that they were giving less time to me than ever before. And it just seemed like I didn't have much freedom. I was allowed to go out only on weekends, and this seemed unreasonably strict compared with other kids."

In her empty feeling of rejection, compounded with her sudden isolation from the life she had known and loved in Stockton, Janet subconsciously turned elsewhere for sympathy and understanding. She found it in the person of a neighborhood youth who was several years her senior.

"I felt I was at an age when I should have started to get more leeway," Janet recalled. She waved at Kelly Lee as Tony Curtis tiptoed into the den, scooped her up and took her off to the nursery. "Everything turned to this boy."

The year that Janet's family lived in Merced was a year during which the young man gradually came to mean everything to her. Then with the rumble of war in the air, her father got an urgent call to the shipyard at Stockton. The homecoming, however, happened too late to offer either comfort or happiness to Janet. Since she had been gone, she had built a new life in Merced—and she was sure the old life in Stockton had long since passed her by.

"The year before," she was fully aware of the irony, "I didn't want to move to Merced. Now I didn't want to move back to Stockton. I couldn't bear the thought of leaving this boy and starting up again with people who already had grown away from me, and had developed their own groups. I was sure I wouldn't belong and I would be friendless again if I went back to live in Stockton with my folks."

THE enormity of Janet's apprehensions can best be measured by the fact that, at the age of 15, she and the boy ran off to Reno and got married.

"That's why we ran away," she explained the elopement, "so I wouldn't have to go away and could stay in Merced. I thought it was the only way that I wouldn't have to move. Not that I didn't feel I really was in love. At the time I was sure of it. But it was no marriage thing. I had no thought of living together and having a home. I just didn't want to go back to Stockton."

The newlyweds moved in with the boy's family in Merced. Two days later, Janet's distraught parents came up and had the marriage annulled. The elopement nevertheless had brought into the open the great crisis of Janet's teenage. If a feeling that her parents no longer seemed to understand her had been so



"I DON'T think that anybody knows about teenagers but a teenager," comments Janet.

great a factor in her decision to elope, what would be the consequences if, in her thinking, they failed her again now that she *had* eloped? This was the ultimate test. Her parents met it by evaluating the elopement not as Janet's failure, but as their own. They did not demand, "What did Janet do wrong?" Instead, they soberly asked themselves, "What did *we* do wrong?"

"My God," Janet cried gratefully, "I've never had so much understanding as I had then. After their initial hurt and shock, they were very fair about it and understanding. They realized how preoccupied they had been with Grandma and how I needed to turn to someone."

Back in Stockton, instead of treating her as if she was on probation, Janet's parents gave her their complete trust.

"They let me stay out as long as I wanted at dances," she related. "I had the same hours that everyone else had. I had the same privileges as other kids. They never once acted as if they were afraid since I ran off once I might do it again. They never harbored the thought or hinted at it. If they had, I would have resented it so much, I probably would have done it again."

Janet leaned over to put the cap on a jar of candy that had been left open on the end table.

"I was taunted terribly by the kids in school after the marriage," she flinched as she recalled it. "They made all sorts of unkind remarks. I talked to my folks about it, and they helped me understand that the kids didn't really know what they were doing. They explained that to them it was a big event, and they wanted to make the most of it. Some were very crude about it. It could have been a big tragedy. It could have ruined my life if it hadn't been handled right. My parents devoted themselves with all their hearts to seeing to it that I wasn't crucified for the mistake I made."

Understanding from her mother and

dad was vital therapy, indeed, but in the aftermath of the elopement there was one problem they were powerless to relieve. Janet discovered that she needed reassurance and understanding from her erstwhile friends, as well, for being the heroine of a teenage elopement had made her just about the most exciting topic of teenage conversation in town.

A former beau who viewed Janet's adventure with tender sympathy emerged as the hero of her social reorientation.

"I had met this boy at Christian Endeavor and had gone steady with him for four years before we moved to Merced," Janet explained. The maid came in with a tray of coffee and cookies, and Janet poured. "If it hadn't been for this boy, I don't know what I would have done. He was so thoughtful. He was the kindest, most considerate boy. He brought me back to the fold."

Janet considered herself a teenage casualty who had been helped when she faltered, and it made her ponder over the thin line between the teenage casualty and a so-called teenage delinquent.

SHE reflected, also, that she had been able to lean on a vast reservoir of affection and understanding—and trust—which her parents had provided. For every restriction that they had seen fit to impose, they had allowed many more liberties which reflected their faith in her good character. In fact, Janet's parents were so much more liberal than the parents of most of her friends that her home had become a community gathering place. Janet was not unmindful of the security and assurance this had given her, nor insensible to the fact that this was the source of an inner strength that helped her surmount her ordeal.

"I remember the first time I wore lipstick," there was a twinkle in her eyes. "All the girls in my class were wearing lipstick. I was 12, and they were at least two years older. So I told Mom and Dad that everyone was wearing lipstick. Could I? They were terribly understanding and they said I could. They were very wonderful. Mom and Dad and I had a good relationship. I could talk to them quite a bit."

Moreover, Janet found her parents abundantly tolerant and trusting on such rigid teenage taboos as drinking and petting. She realized that their attitude was responsible for the fact that she never found drinking a temptation or challenge and never felt the need or desire to seek surreptitious romance.

"When my friends came in," Janet indicated the extent of the latitude she enjoyed, "my parents would conveniently go to a movie, and leave everything just as it was. They wouldn't hide the liquor, and they left beer in the refrigerator. So there never was the thing of now that they're gone we're going to have a ball. My friends and I knew that we

continued on page 74

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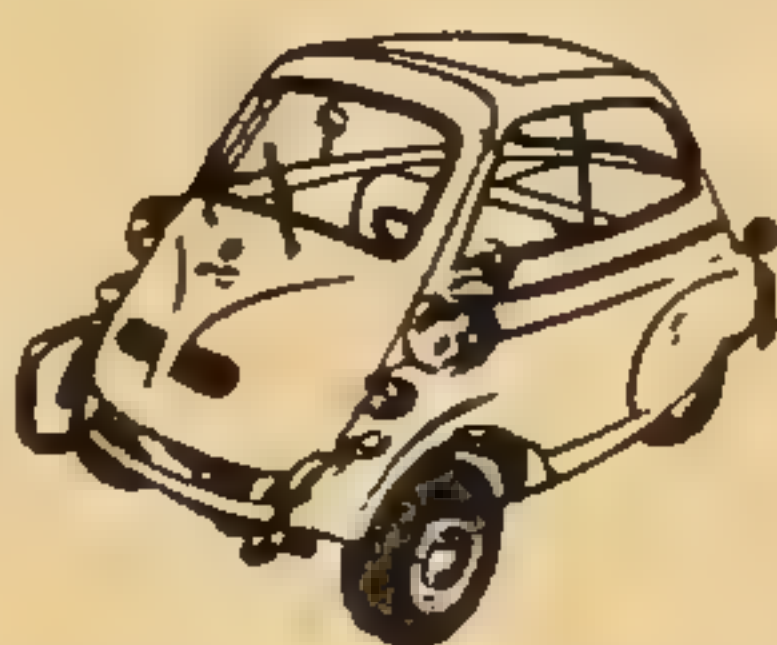
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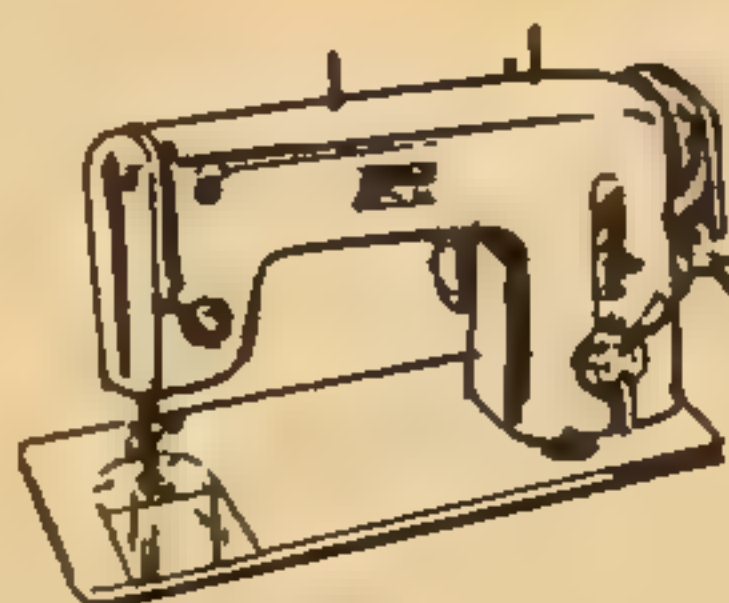
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*For winners and storeclerks.

The Strange Story Of Diane Varsi

continued from page 12

She pushed her way through the crowded seats, hurried up the aisle to the ladies' room. She was sick, miserably sick, vomiting out of sheer emotion.

"That was my last premiere," Diane told this reporter later. "I hate being on display. I don't need that curious kind of comfort that premieres give some stars. I just want to work quietly, as well as I know how."

Already, at 19, the tall, slim mystery girl from San Mateo, California, is a kind of legend. She is neither beautiful, nor, say some, even pretty. Her shoulders are spare, almost bony. She does not protrude in front—quite the contrary, but you know that she's feminine. She is long-waisted, and looks, in repose, as though she might be awkward. She giggles, at times, like the teenager she is, but her wide-set, grey-blue eyes gaze at the world with hope and a kind of eagerness, and her smile is lovely.

"There is no Diane Varsi," cracked one studio man. "There is only the actress." Another observer commented, "This is a female Jimmy Dean. They had to tell her to dress up when she came into the studio commissary."

I watched Diane do a scene in "Ten North Frederick," with Geraldine Fitzgerald, who plays her mother. It was a scene of almost terrifying power. Diane, as Ann, was to be told by her mother that her hasty marriage would have to be dissolved—that it would be better if she did not have her expected baby. When Director Philip Dunne called Diane for rehearsal, she came to the set like a sleepwalker, already lost in her emotions. Even before the cameras rolled, tears filled her eyes. She leaned her head against a bedpost, in a kind of trance. A make-up man touched up her nose, a wardrobe girl fussed with her dress, the head electrician shoved his light meter against her forehead to check his lighting. Diane was oblivious. The tears still flowed, falling in wet droplets on her pink dress. Another wardrobe woman whispered, awed, "She's spotting her dress, even before the take." A hardened press agent murmured, "I'm staying just to watch her do this scene."

Director Dunne said, softly, "All right, Diane and Geraldine; this is picture." The scene began, built up. Diane was the tortured, beaten Ann. "I want my baby," she sobbed, holding her stomach tightly. "I want my baby. Where's my father? He'll let me have my baby."

"Cut!" said Dunne, smiling happily. "That's it." Diane was still crouched half on the bed, her face tear-washed, her eyes closed. Dunne said, "Whew!" and wiped his forehead. He walked over to Diane, lifted her with great gentleness. He put his arm around her shoulder, whispered something. Diane smiled, for the first time.

Minutes later she was joking with actor Ray Stricklyn, her screen brother, and Miss Fitzgerald, while a hairdresser tried out some false red fingernails on her hands. Her eyes stared candidly at this reporter, whom she had not yet met. When we were introduced I said, "I know orders were not to bother you, so I'm just going to say 'hello'."

"All right," Diane smiled, making it a kind of game. "Hello."

"All this publicity hoo-hah," I ventured, "the crowds of photographers and interviewers lurking in wait for you. Do they bother you?"

Diane giggled. "Well," she said, "I don't see too many. I'm a great evader."

This was not the Diane Varsi that had been expected. "She likes to fade into the background," one studio associate had said of her. Another remarked: "If you were standing in a crowded elevator, which also held Diane Varsi, she would be the last human being you'd notice."

CO-WORKERS on "Peyton Place" had described her as "gloomy, scared, the direct opposite of the average actress." They commented that she was polite, but not amusing. "On the Maine location," one crew man recalled, "she kept to herself. She was a very mousy girl. She took life so seriously. But maybe that's because she becomes the person she's portraying. She'd come on the set looking moody and forlorn, to portray Allison the way she saw her."

Diane's studio biography says she had no real professional experience before she was signed for "Peyton Place." Her notion of preparing for the role was to read the original novel and the script some 40 times. In her own mind, she became Allison MacKenzie. She lived, ate, slept and breathed the role of Allison. She pasted pictures on her walls depicting Allison's attitudes towards the people of Peyton Place. Monkeys, for example, symbolized the townspeople.

It was not a strange concept for a girl who had voluntarily left high school in her first year because it "was assembly-line education. She needed to find some answer to why she was alive." Diane's parents had been separated when she was small, and she lived with her mother and a younger sister, Gail. She was not happy. "I always felt stifled in school," she said. "There was no stimulus in machine-made teaching. I hated the school cliques and social clubs. The girls called me a square because I was always reading. One day one of them snapped at me, 'Don't you ever think of boys?'"

Diane's greatest shock came the day an acquaintance took her aside and callously explained some facts of life. "You know why you're unpopular?" the school-mate said. "It's because you go with the wrong people." Diane's best friend was



DAVID Nelson congratulates Diane after premiere of picture that made her a star.

the daughter of the local truck gardener. For this reason, the other girls looked down on her.

Right then she decided that high school was not for her. She determined to create her own educational program. She went to the local library and took out books on subjects that interested her. For six months she studied by herself: physics, art, theology, philosophy, biographies of famous people, English and psychology. Her interest in psychology had been spurred by discovering Freud when she was 13. "Freud no doubt influenced me a great deal," she says, a little youthfully.

Even so, Diane felt that she still needed direction. She enrolled in some night classes at San Mateo Junior College. During the day she worked as a hostess in a restaurant, modeled dresses, picked apples, worked in a candle packing plant to earn a little money. She had a pleasant singing voice, and she thought vaguely of becoming a folk singer. An acting career had never occurred to her.

She still read constantly in the library. What her social life was, Diane will not reveal (she is still secretive about many incidents in her past). Yet there must have been moments when she did think of boys. She admits that she was first married around the age of 16 or 17, and that the marriage failed. She won't talk about it. Although she will gladly talk about her son Shawn, now 14 months old. She is happy about Shawn.

What Diane does reveal is that she found a friend and kindred soul at the candle packing plant, and one day the two girls decided to leave San Mateo. "We didn't know where we wanted to go," Diane says. "We had \$50 between us. We made up our minds to go away just anywhere, it didn't matter where."

Diane and her friend headed for Santa Cruz, walking the entire seven miles. They found a motel and stayed there for the night. The next day a middle-aged traveling salesman gave them a ride as far as Carmel. They ate sandwiches on the beach, then met two college students who were on their way to school in Pasadena. The boys gave them a lift all the way to Los Angeles.

It was a curious, self-centered kind of argosy, and Diane does not deny it. Her only excuse is that she was seeking *something*—some answer to the riddle of her life. "I was searching for myself," she says.

But there were no answers to be found quickly. "I learned that without a high school diploma I was all but unemployable. I hoped I might find a job as a folk singer, but nobody was hiring any 17-year-old folk singers just then."

Diane had to write to her grandfather for money. "I hated it," she said, "but there was nothing else to do. I promised myself I would repay him as soon as I had a job."

Then a new friend she had made in Los Angeles asked Diane if she would like to look in on an acting class. She went, and discovered with delight that this was the thing for which she had been searching. "I loved it," Diane revealed. "What those people said, the words they used, the way they went about their work, the self-expression they found in it—all this excited me. It was the answer I needed."

As soon as she could, she enrolled in actor Jeff Corey's famed drama school. In its way, it is comparable to New York's much-touted Actors Studio. It was here that Diane found support in her long, hard, lonely struggle to be herself. Gradually, her enormous potential was realized and began to blossom. "She worked with me in private and in regular classes," Corey said. "She studied hard for two years and she was very good. I don't know where she got the money, probably from her grandparents. But she always paid her way."

Meanwhile, two things had happened to Diane. She did her first and only stage play, "Gigi," produced by the Rancho Playhouse, a Little Theatre Group. She got nothing for this except kudos. She also married for the second time, but again she is secretive. The man was 29-year-old James Dickson, variously described as a hopeful "producer" and sometimes as a record salesman. Just exactly where or when Diane married Dickson, she will not say. But they are already separated and apparently on the verge of getting a divorce.

BUT what also happened was a chance encounter between Jeff Corey and Director Mark Robson, who was then searching for an unknown to play Allison in "Peyton Place." "I ran into Robson in a Westwood delicatessen," said Corey. "He casually mentioned that he was looking for a young, unknown actress, and I told him about Diane. She sounded interesting to him. He suggested that I send her over."

Few people in Filmtown believe that there are any pumpkin coaches on Hollywood Boulevard, or that fairy godmothers still exist. Yet the Varsi story is still a Cinderella story if there ever was one.

continued on page 68

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THE STRANGE STORY OF DIANE VARSI

continued

When Diane walked into Mark Robson's office that day, about a year ago, to read for the role of Allison, perhaps less than a handful of people in Hollywood were aware of her. Even fewer really cared.

She was dressed—if one could call it that—in a way that other aspiring young stars would never dream of. Her figure, slightly angular, made little impression in the plain blouse and skirt she wore. Her face was naked of make-up, and her ash-blond hair looked as though she had chopped it with a butcher knife. (She had cut her hair, but with a pair of sewing shears.) Her shoes and stockings would have appalled the Salvation Army. She had ridden a bus to reach the studio, and she probably had in her purse, if she bothered to count it at all, something less than a dollar, and that mostly in pennies. She gave the impression that she had last dined a day or two before on a box of corn-flakes—dry.

Director Robson, a sensitive, kindly man, glanced up from his desk at the tall, almost gawky girl before him. To himself he said, in that first moment: "Now what in hell did they want to send me *this* for?"

But there was more to Diane than appeared on the surface. Said Robson's secretary, later: "Diane came in alone, a sort of child of nature. Her simplicity was most appealing. She had innate dignity, and her smile lit up her face from the inside."

Yet it was with not too much hope that Robson handed Diane the script of "Peyton Place" and asked her to read, cold, the scene where Allison relinquishes her mother. It was a test that could have dismayed even a Deborah Kerr or a Bergman. Diane read. Then, concealing his excitement, the director asked Diane to read still another part of the script, a tender love scene between Allison and Norman Page. (The part was later beautifully played by Russ Tamblyn.) When she had finished, Robson called producer Jerry Wald and asked him to set a screen test.

"Isn't she interesting?" crowed Robson. He felt that he had made a great discovery—an actress who could catch fire and become a star. But a month was to pass before Diane was actually set for the role. The studio heads wanted a bigger name, while Robson fought for Diane. Other girls were tested. They could not compare with Diane, who was really Allison MacKenzie. Robson at last persuaded the studio to make a final color test, with Diane properly wardrobe, her hair set by professionals, her make-up expert. The test was shown, and Diane Varsi, as yet utterly unknown, was signed to a long-term contract.

Today, a year later, the girl who once

picked apples and packed candles for a kind of lean and hungry living, is the most talked-about newcomer on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Aside from co-starring with Don Murray in "The Hell-Bent Kid" and with Gary Cooper in "Ten North Frederick," she already has behind her unbridled paeans of praise from everyone who has seen her. "Peyton Place," said one awed critic, "made Miss Varsi a star right off."

Diane has been described as not simply a new face, "but a new talent, a young actress of extraordinary range and intensity who cannot help but be a major star. She plays instinctively, and her instinct never fails her."

SHE went from fear and inexperience and a kind of numbed shock in her first picture—"She seemed not to know what had hit her," said one observer—to something like calm certitude in "The Hell-Bent Kid." In this she was a tomboy type—"a boy-girl," as she called herself. And while it was a Western, she could have had clothes more glamorous than those she actually wore. For realism's sake, she picked the dirtiest, most beaten-up hat she could find. Her leather jeans had been given to her with instructions to take them home and get them molded to her figure—perhaps even put a few stains on them. Diane did not get out of the leather jeans for four days.

By the time Diane was in "Ten North Frederick," there was even a kind of new-found happiness, an unsuspected lightness of spirit. If she was ever "the last person you would notice in a crowded elevator," now, once your eyes found her, you would look no further.

Yet oddly enough, Diane, despite all the furor of her sudden rise, is still a kind of Passionate Pilgrim wandering through life. She can still say, with curious candor, "My greatest disappointment is myself." This may be only a 19-year-old appraisal, and possibly even a bit super-charged with a youngster's feeling for high drama. But it is at least an honest self-evaluation in a town where too many lovelies like to stare at themselves in their mirror and croon, "Oh, you lovely, lovely you!"

Diane still prefers to lunch back in the far reaches of the 20th Century-Fox commissary, with only her stand-in or a wardrobe girl, instead of up front with the other stars. She lives in a tiny apartment a few blocks from her studio, and either walks or drives her second-hand car to work. She gets up at five to feed and play with her baby, then leaves little Shawn with a sitter so she can be at the studio at six-thirty. Some people see Diane as "a queer fish, unsexy, moody and much too serious, punishing herself for some unknown reason." Others believe, as her coach Jeff Corey does, "that Diane simply hasn't had a chance yet to know her goal, or define it, but she will."

One man who has come to admire her

said, "This kid is the real artist type. She knows books and literature, but very little about real life. She has trusting eyes and believes what men tell her. She has also an enormous need for affection—there was that unhappy home life—and I think it was this urgent need that got her into those sudden hasty and unhappy marriages."

A few months ago, Diane and her second husband, James Dickson, announced a trial separation "until we can work out the problems resulting from a conflict of careers." Insiders know this is merely studio doubletalk. He is her legally-designated manager. Diane has said, "We can maintain amicable business relations, even if we no longer love each other." Some reports had Diane and actor Dennis Hopper becoming romantic while on location for "The Hell-Bent Kid," and that the 29-year-old Dickson was unhappy enough to hurry up to the location site. Some say there was even a physical encounter, and that shortly afterwards, rumors that Diane and Hopper might marry came to an end.

Whatever the real story—and Diane resolutely refuses to open up her private life—mystery will still surround her. She seems to be that kind of a girl. There was even gossip that she was not actually 19, but older, and her studio had to explain that they had withheld information about Diane's child because Lana Turner objected to having a married woman play her daughter in "Peyton Place." Said Lana: "Nobody with a child is going to play my daughter in a

film—why, that would make me out to be a grandmother."

This reporter believes that she is 19, even though she has married twice. Whatever Diane's reasons for refusing to discuss her marriages, she is otherwise straightforward, honest, almost naive. Acting, music and poetry are her whole life. If she is sometimes humorless about herself, her seriousness is not without a certain charm. Said one studio associate, recalling a certain incident: "The night we first showed 'Peyton Place' to the press, Diane was there, dressed in jeans and a man's shirt. A top woman columnist went up to her and congratulated Diane on her brilliant acting—'so amazing for a girl without too much experience.'

"Diane looked at the woman, then said, quite seriously, 'This is my first motion picture. I have, however, appeared on the stage.'

Whatever Diane Varsi may really be: child of nature, or "female Jimmy Dean," she is certainly a girl about whom Hollywood will talk for a long time. She may marry again, make headlines, live life violently or in the shadows. But she has something—that magic glow of personality that stamps its imprint. As all the crew people who ever worked with her said: "This kid"—pointing to their insides—"has it, right here."

Diane will probably always be the Passionate Pilgrim, shining with a kind of light. She is rare enough in Hollywood to make even her oddities seem delightful and worth many a second look. **END**

Coast-To-Coast Marriage

continued from page 56

on some of my friends. It was delicious but very rich. That school is a very chic place; they look at you sort of funny if you like simple foods."

Simple foods and the simple life are what Patti still admires most. When she met Charlie she was even a little wary of dating him. He seemed to be a sophisticated, extroverted man-about-town. Then she discovered that there was another side to him.

"He does love to go out and of course he loves people," Patti says, "but he also loves to stay home. He's very handy around the house; he fixes the TV set and things like that. And I love to putter around, cleaning out closets, tidying up drawers and lining shelves. I always find something to do.

"Sometimes we go dancing, but Charlie's the kind of dancer who makes a girl look good. You know what I mean? She does all the work! I like to play bridge but Charlie hates card games. The wonderful thing is we can sit and just talk for hours."

Their only eavesdropper is a little

Yorkshire Terrier named Windy—Charlie's birthday gift to Patti two years ago.

They still consider that the biggest gifts that they've given each other are each other.

"I'd always given everything I had to the show before I met Charlie," Patti says, with a noticeable delight in the change that has come to pass.

Since their Las Vegas marriage (the date was December 28, 1956) they've spent a lot of time traveling across country to be together.

Patti says quite freely, "Maybe, when you've waited for love as long as I have you're ready to make any sacrifice that's asked. After all, what else is there in this world that's so important as knowing there's someone who really loves you?"

And Charlie says, "Before we met each other we were practically illiterates in the books of life, love and happiness. Now we've begun to learn the wisdom of life, love and be happy. Give us another 30 years and we'll write a book on the subject. . . . Meanwhile, we thank God for each other." **END**

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Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, CBS-TV star

BY NOW it is an undeniable, well-established fact that **Johnny Mathis**, in the short space (by show business standards, at least) of a few years, has become a voice to be reckoned with. His latest Columbia album, "Warm," should dispel the last of the doubters as to young Mr. Mathis' performance on the musical scene. Such standards as "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face" and "What'll I Do" are handled with the aplomb of a Crosby, Como or Sinatra. Welcome to the front ranks, Johnny. . . . **Andre Previn** is another gentleman whose tender years belie his musical accomplishments. One of the top arrangers of M-G-M scores, Andre plays a mighty fine jazz piano. Witness the collection found in the Camden album under the title "Mad About The Boy." . . . All right, ladies, relax. Epic Records has seen fit to reward the majority of you for your unswerving devotion to **Sal Mineo** by issuing an album bearing the title—you guessed it—"Sal." Through both sides of this LP, Master Mineo displays a vocal versatility that surprises even those who know the myriad talents of the young star. Rock 'n' Roll or ballads, Sal takes 'em all in stride. . . .

Now that Mrs. Ray Anthony (**Mamie Van Doren**, of course) has begun recording under the Capitol label, that Hollywood waxerie, which already had hubby under contract, has just about cornered the market on performing Anthonys. Mamie's first Capitol pressing has "Something To Dream About," which is heavy on beat and high on quality, backed by "I Fell In Love," a ballad in the more classic tradition. . . . It always seems to us like a long, long time between Doris Day albums. This is no fault of Columbia Records; it's just that we can't get enough of the gal's singing. Columbia's latest effort to pacify us is an album titled "Day By Night" that has Doris in the mood we think she handles

best—slow, dreamy, with just a slight touch of melancholy. To Columbia: we are satisfied—for the moment. . . . The Glenn Miller legend has grown over the years until by now the facts sometimes blend with the fiction. But listening to the Victor LP of **Glenn Miller** and his orchestra in their Carnegie Hall concert of 1939, all the superlatives you've heard seem justified. The pre-World War II Miller aggregation was a sweet, swingin' thing. The big dance band is rare today. We're lucky to have archives like this to remind us of what we're missing.

To the detractors of rock 'n' roll, to those who consider it "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," we offer as evidence for the defense, **David Rose's** M-G-M etching of "Swinging Shepherd Blues" and "Rock Fiddle." Big beat? Yes! Noise? Definitely not! The Rose strings get up plenty of drive with nary a shattered ear drum. . . . Speaking of the Big Beat, crooner **Tony Bennett** has come up with about as exciting a vocal display as we've heard in a long time. His new Columbia album, "The Beat Of My Heart," features Tony and a group of outstanding percussionists in a steamy session. . . . **Patti Page** is not one to do things in small measure. When she puts herself on wax, she really puts herself on wax. On her latest Mercury recording, "Bring Us Together," we have three helpings of Patti with an assist from multiple sound tracks. On the flip ballad, "Belonging To Someone," we have only one Patti, which still puts us ahead of the game anyway. . . . Until recently, we had always thought that the organ was a fine instrument to lead a bride and groom down the aisle or back up a church choir, and that was about it. Then we heard **Bill Thompson's** Verve LP titled (with good reason) "Fantabulous." He does things with an unwieldy instrument which are—well, okay—simply fantabulous.

END

Enduring Young Charmer

continued from page 62

stole, but there are no girl friends to show it off to. There weren't girl friends either when she was a model in New York. "I was so busy—there just wasn't time," Sandra explains soberly. "There's so much jealousy, too . . . I didn't have to work to get jobs—they just came to me. I couldn't even handle all the work offered and I couldn't understand why girls had so much trouble getting modeling or TV work. You know," she added with rare understanding, "I think they pushed too hard. I think you have to let things come to you—that way you get a confidence in yourself. You don't waste your energies in trying too hard and in too many different ways."

There are, too, no chocolate sundaes, chocolate bars, no starchy foods. But there is eternal watchfulness to keep her weight at 99 pounds for her 5 feet 4 inch figure. Day after day she sits down at the studio commissary to half a head of lettuce sprinkled with vinegar, two hard-boiled eggs perked up with a dash of Tabasco sauce and a plate of sliced tomatoes. Now and then on Sundays she loves to cook—for others—the rich Russian dishes her mother has taught her to prepare, particularly fancy desserts which, incidentally, she never eats.

There are long sessions in the studio hair-dressing department to have her medium-brown hair bleached to the taffy blonde which accents her brown eyes. Evenings there is school work or scripts to study ("I'm learning acting," laughs her mother, "playing all the other parts while Sandra rehearses her scenes"). A short session of TV watching or reading is followed by an early bedtime.

Already at 15, Sandra has been cast on the screen as a girl of easy virtue—this youngster who's had no real dates

yet herself. There are no dates because there just isn't time—unless a boy would like to help Sandra study her geometry. (Studio arranged publicity dates for premieres with John Saxon and Tommy Sands don't count in Sandra's estimation.) There is no rock 'n' roll because she doesn't consider it "the most." And Elvis Presley is "not my type" she says.

Even if there were time for normal dating, a special problem exists. Sandy, mentally and emotionally, is so much older than her actual age that boys in her bracket couldn't possibly interest her. Unfortunately, those over 20 aren't interested in a baby of 15, no matter how mentally mature she is. There is, however, no doubt that this discrepancy will right itself in a year or so.

Right now, she's taken a professional shine to veteran actor Charles Coburn, just turned 80. He appeared with Sandy in "And Ride A Tiger," and found her a delight. Sandra told her mother: "Now I know what women mean when they say that older men are the most fascinating!"

But if Sandra hasn't made a practice of dating she has been kissed in the line of duty. The first kiss was for a love scene with John Saxon for her screen test. "I was scared to death at first in front of all those people," Sandra explained. "But once I got into it, it was easy. In fact, I liked it." When Sandra's grandmother saw the test, she asked: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?" With a mischievous twinkle in her eye, Sandra answered, "I just looked at him and knew how." "Good acting," commented Granny.

But Sandra had the last word. "Who was acting?" she asked, all innocence. Yes, she'll go far—this enduring young charmer. **END**



film star Jean Seberg

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The Importance Of Being Shy

continued from page 61

that the more important a person you become—theoretical importance, that is—or Someone with a capital S, the harder it is to get to know people well. I imagine everybody would like to go back to their teens. Wouldn't you? No? Well, I would. So, if you can figure out a way for me to do it. . . ."

He actually does—six nights a week and two matinees at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre where he's appearing as the tortured, unhappy 17-year-old Thomas Wolfe of the play "Look Homeward, Angel."

Tony suddenly shrugged his shoulders perhaps much in the same manner as the man did when he said you can't fight City Hall. "I suppose all of us go

through being introverted or shy in one form or the other. It might help in some way to remember that it isn't a permanent condition. Actually, it's really not a bad quality and certainly nothing to worry about. All of us outgrow it in time." He smiled knowingly.

He looked over. "Were you shy?"

I nodded.

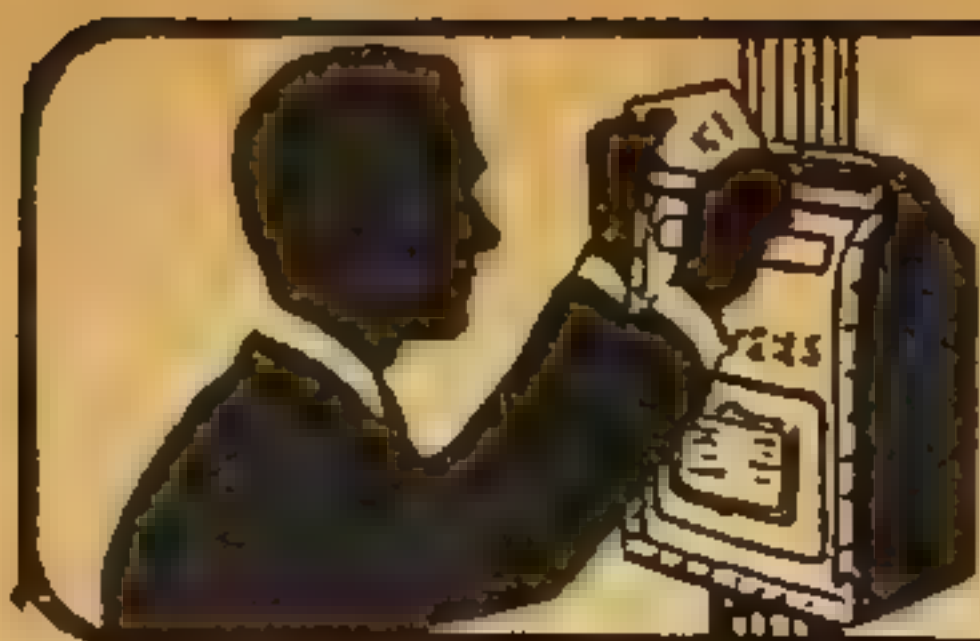
"There, you see!" Just as if it was proof positive.

As we got up to leave, Tony casually dropped his napkin over a small mound of broken celery. As for me, I had long given up trying to reweave my side of the table cloth and untying the knots. Like the man said—you outgrow it! You outgrow it! **END**



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Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

step-father Burl Ives get the farm, is momentarily set back when Ives brings home young bride Sophia Loren. Sophia, too, will do almost anything to become mistress of her own household. Ives, though older, is as determined as the young ones. No one will have the farm except a son. At the age of 76, this seems a remote possibility for Ives. But bear in mind Sophia, Perkins and the proximity of a hayloft, and it isn't difficult to foresee the inevitable. An unrelentless tragedy, grim and stark, relieved only by an occasional smile of Perkins and the softness of Sophia. (Paramount.)

I Accuse

IN 1894, French Army Captain Alfred Dreyfus, played by Jose Ferrer, was accused of treason and sent to Devil's Island as a convicted spy. The trial was a farce, the evidence virtually non-existent, but a scapegoat had to be found at the time when it was discovered a spy had been planted on the General Staff. Col. George Coulouris who had fought Dreyfus' appointment to the Staff on grounds that he was a Jew, seized the opportunity. To prove his doubts had been right, he turns the spotlight of attention on the innocent Captain. Not everyone is entirely convinced of his guilt, however. His wife, played by Viveca Lindfors, and his brother, David Farrar, work constantly to clear Dreyfus. Time and again new evidence establishing his innocence is produced but each time, the French Army officials manage to

bury the case. It isn't until novelist Emile Zola, Emlyn Williams and newspaper publisher Georges Clemenceau (Peter Illing) take up the fight. Through them, Dreyfus is returned to France, a broken man, to face re-trial. Again he's found guilty, but accepts a pardon for a crime he hadn't committed. Two years later, he is completely cleared—the real spy makes a public confession. A great drama, beautifully acted, and one that speaks eloquently for the Rights of Man. (MGM.)

Campbell's Kingdom

DRENCHED in Technicolor, this saga of the Canadian Rocky Mountains has about everything that could lead to a crisis. The hero, Dirk Bogarde, arrives from Scotland to claim his inheritance—a valley left him by his grandfather who had always believed it was saturated in oil. No sooner do we discover that Bogarde has a mere six months to live, when construction worker Stanley Baker is shown up as having falsified geologist Michael Craig's seismographic report on the valley. To further add to the general turbulence, Barbara Murray is the daughter of the man who swindled Bogarde's grandfather. Once Bogarde, penniless but dedicated, decides to drill for oil, you spend most of the subsequent reels terrified that this next trial will surely be the weakened Bogarde's demise. You never saw so much happen to one man—healthy or not. Actually,

continued on page 74

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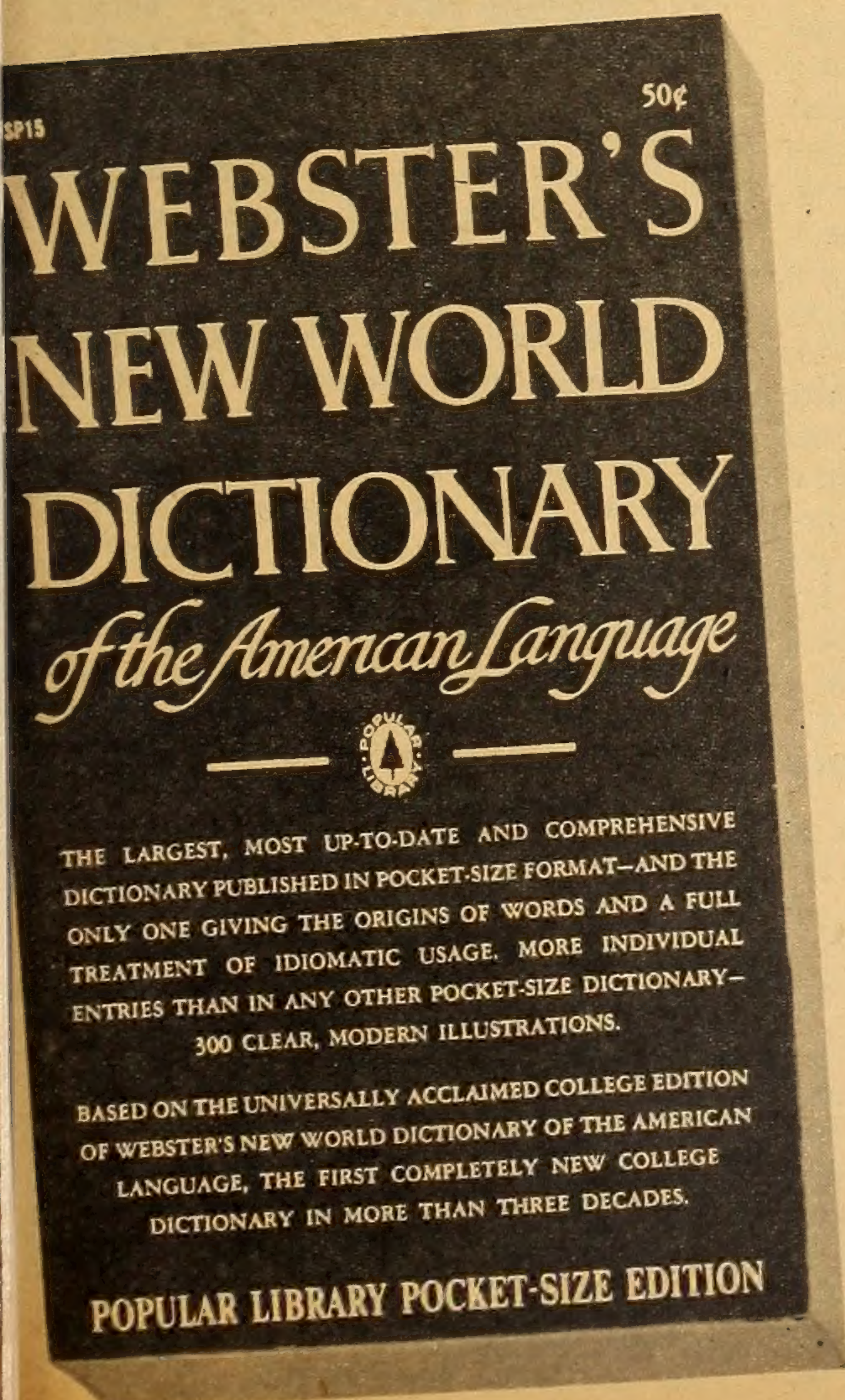
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COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued

when you come to think of it, that Rockies' air must be powerful stuff or those Scottish doctors are lousy diagnosticians. (J. Arthur Rank.)

The Long, Hot Summer

AN air-conditioning unit couldn't possibly take care of this heat wave. No indeed! Not after Paul Newman, a wanderer, arrives in the small southern town run by Joanne Woodward's papa, bellerin' Orson Welles, who's as gentle as a lamb with "widow" Angela Lansbury. Almost immediately on Newman's arrival, papa recognizes a ruthless, shrewd businessman. Joanne recognizes a threat to her high-minded sensitivities and sundry other things. And brother Tony Franciosa, married to Lee Remick, who didn't have much holding him together in the first place, falls apart when he sees papa favoring Newman. Usually this kind of set-up leads to no good. Here the axe of circumstances is blunted to one common

denominator—SEX. And the night that all is solved, lights burn merrily in the upstairs rooms of the l'il ole DeLuxe color southern manse. (20th Century-Fox.)

Chase A Crooked Shadow

WHAT would you do if a man, Richard Todd, suddenly appeared claiming to be your brother whom you know was killed in an automobile accident a year ago? You'd go to the police. Well, that's what Anne Baxter did, only Todd is able to produce a passport, driver's license, tattoo and *fingerprints* that all served to identify her dead brother, too. Yet, it's *not* her brother. It's not, it's not, it's not! There's still one more hope—Uncle Alexander Knox, who will toss the bounder out, surely. But even he greets Todd like a long lost nephew. . . . You can see where Anne begins to think about all possibilities, and all enough to congeal your blood. There's a fortune in jewels involved, and one of those trick endings, in this rather complicated yet suspenseful melodrama set in lush surroundings. (Warner Bros.) **END**

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 60

last chosen. Remember when you were a kid and waiting to be chosen for basketball or hockey? Same thing.

Maureen O'Hara is searching madly for a King, and if she finds him, Maureen will star in the local and San Francisco version of "The King And I." Still no escort, other than her brother. . . . Whatever happened to Liberace? Since his career separation from brother George, there has been practically no news from him. (This, of course, could be changed before you read this.) . . . The man most delighted about Linda Christian's marriage announcement—Tyrone Power, who would otherwise be paying the beautiful brunette \$50,000 for the rest of her life.

June Haver did a bit on the television show with husband Fred MacMurray.

Then decided she was positively through with show biz. . . . Mrs. William Holden was a scared cookie when her doctor diagnosed her illness as phlebitis. It can be dangerous. But surely the most reckless man in the world is husband William. He no sooner gets back to his beautiful home in North Hollywood, than he packs and is on the go. Glenn Ford used to do this, but has now settled down with wife Eleanor Powell. To the delight of the Beverly Hills Boy Scouts—he's the master of one group. . . . The producers are still beating a path to Princess Grace Kelly's door, with scripts in hand. It's my belief she will accept, one of these fine days—and turn the money over to a Monaco charity. . . . And that's all for now, kiddies. . . . So toodleoo. **END**

"My Teenage Problems"

continued from page 65

were always free to do anything in their presence that we could do behind their backs. As a result, no one ever felt they'd be accomplishing anything by getting out of line. We never had a problem with it."

Similarly, Janet never had to contend with a mid-Victorian parental attitude toward smooching. Her parents acknowledged that teenagers sometimes kissed,

and they took the frank position that they would rather have Janet do her bussing at home rather than have her sneak off in a car on a dark, lonely road.

"I was never hesitant to ask a boy in when he took me home," Janet nodded. "We never stood on the front porch. I'd go into the living room with him. My folks would stick their heads in to say hello, then disappear. I liked it that

we didn't have to go anywhere to pet or neck. It made it easier for me. I was never embarrassed. The boys weren't either. They knew they were always welcome at my home."

As far as protecting a girl's honor was involved, Janet avowed that it was certainly much better accomplished on home grounds.

"If you're alone in a car somewhere," she averred with a knowing glance, "a boy doesn't realize his limits. It's not as easy to handle as in your own living room. I always knew I was in control. This started when I first started dating. Dad always said he'd rather have the kids at home."

Janet fully credited her assurance with boys to her parents' enlightened attitude, and to the soundness of their orientation when they briefed her on the birds and the bees.

"Mom and Dad had told me about boys," she smiled. "Mom explained that my attitude would be the governing factor. She said if a boy asks to kiss you, he's not bad. If he *makes* you kiss him, that's your choice. As I got older, my folks went into more detail. They told me how to take care of myself if a boy really got fresh, but above all, they warned that the first lesson to learn, the most important safeguard, was to be careful about the kind of boys you go out with in the first place."

Janet's folks were so casual about kissing that Janet escaped the guilt feelings so common—and so destructive—among teenage girls. It was treated as such a harmless thing that her memory of her first buss was hazy.

"It was around—I'd say—in the seventh or eighth grade of grammar school," Janet wrinkled her forehead trying to recall. "We were playing spin the bottle on the front porch. The bottle pointed to me and the boy kissed me. It couldn't have meant less."

Her appreciation of kissing ripened with the years, but the ripening, happily, was not accompanied by compunction born of prohibitions imposed by overzealous parents.

Tony, unabashedly making the noises of a proud father, returned to the den, with Kelly Lee perched precariously on his shoulders, and gleefully reaching out for Janet.

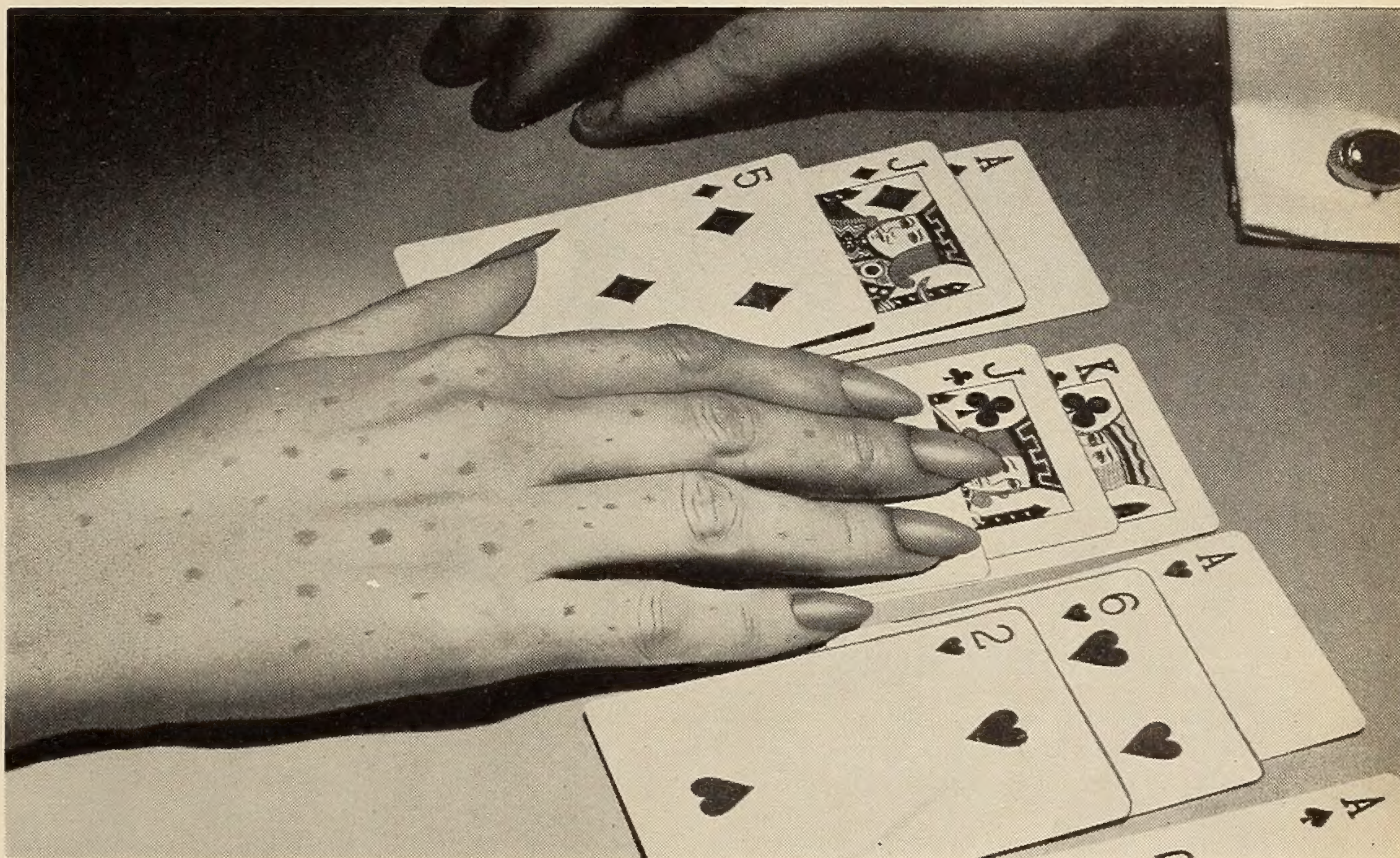
"If when Kelly is in her teens"—Janet walked over just in time to catch Kelly as she fairly leaped into her arms—"she comes to me and says a boy tried to get fresh with her, the fact that she came to me would be the biggest point of all. If she comes to me about it, then I've won the battle. Because that would mean I've given her enough belief in me for her to realize that I'm not going to blame her. I'm going to try to help."

This was the wisdom that had come out of Janet Leigh's own sometimes troubled teens. The words had a good ring to them. **END**

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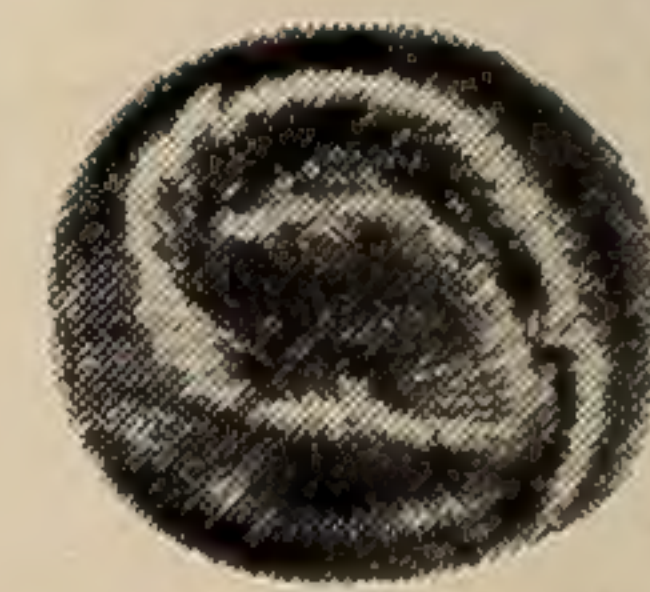
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